

NO.3

# COWBOYS 'n' INJUNS

*Doris + Anna  
Barney*

10¢

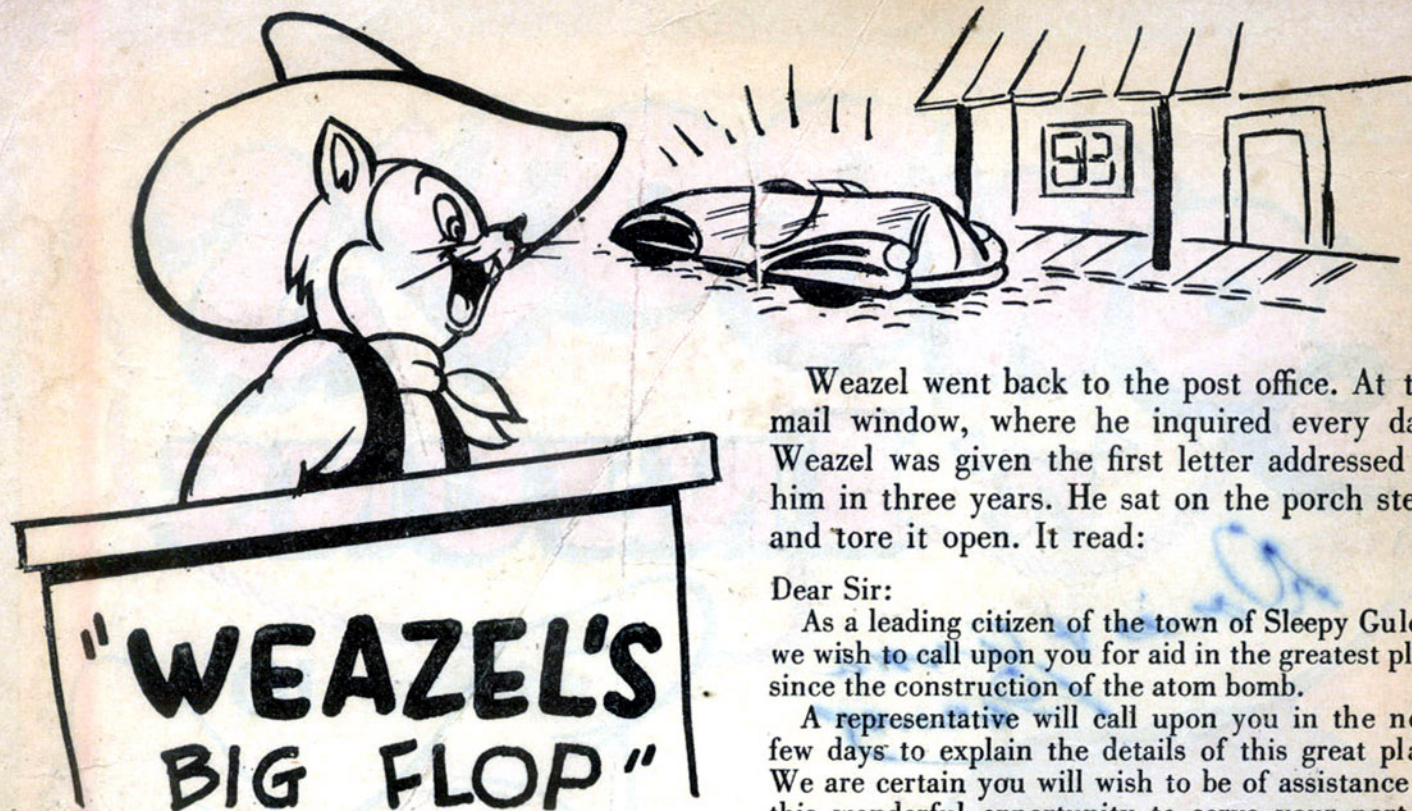






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**T**HE character in the broad-brimmed hat and the tight pants walked over to the post office porch.

"They tell me yer name is Waggin' Weazel. Is there a joint fer me to bed down in tonight?"

"Wal, stranger, there's a room over at our ranch. Come on over—we'll see what Ma Stomp has ter say."

Weazel and the stranger set off down the road. The man who wanted a room certainly didn't seem like a Westerner. In fact, Weazel had never heard such strange talk. The hombre made everything sound like a smart crack. Where did he come from?

As Weazel thought, the stranger chatted on. "Slick country out here. What do ya do fer a big time?"

"We have our ways of entertaining ourselves. Always something happenin'." Weazel didn't question the man, because out West you waited until a man felt like talking.

By this time they had arrived at the ranch and Ma Stomp came bristling out, walking as fast as though she didn't have a wooden leg. When Weazel told her what the stranger wanted—a bunk for the night—Ma looked the man over with her careful squint.

"All rightie," she finally decided. "Come right after me."

They both followed Ma to an upstairs room. The stranger explained that his suitcase was at the station. Ma Stomp and Weazel left him alone in the room.

Weazel went back to the post office. At the mail window, where he inquired every day, Weazel was given the first letter addressed to him in three years. He sat on the porch steps and tore it open. It read:

Dear Sir:

As a leading citizen of the town of Sleepy Gulch, we wish to call upon you for aid in the greatest plan since the construction of the atom bomb.

A representative will call upon you in the next few days to explain the details of this great plan. We are certain you will wish to be of assistance in this wonderful opportunity to serve your part of the country.

Sincerely yours,  
Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.  
Signed: I. Stall

Weazel read the missive three times. True, he was about the leadingest citizen of the county and they had come to the right person. True, he would like to have "this wonderful opportunity to serve his part of the country!" But what was it? Did they want him to run for Senator? Then an idea struck, and Weazel was off for the ranch like a bullet.

In three minutes he was knocking on the stranger's door. When it opened, he found the man in a robe and very sleepy-eyed. He asked Weazel to come in. The stranger sat on the bed and Weazel, standing, talked fast: "Are yuh a representative of the Acme Acme Ace Star Co.? 'Cause if yuh are, ah'm the leading citizen yuh come tuh see!"

"Sorry, kid, yah must be talkin' about some other character. Never heard of this Acme outfit!"

Weazel was thunderstruck. He had been so sure! He left. In the kitchen he sat down to think. Then he thought he understood. The critter upstairs DID come from that company, but he was trying to swing a deal of his own! He was going to take his, Waggin' Weazel's, place! He was going to get credit for the plan—whatever it was. Weazel pulled out the envelope he had received and scrutinized it carefully for an address. There was none! Even the postmark was obscured.

(Continued on inside back cover)



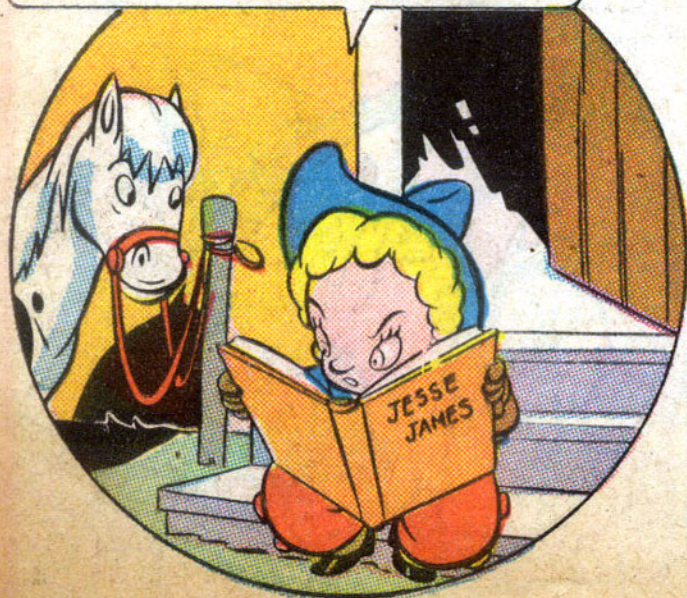
# Jesse Jimmy

HA! HA! SOME OTHER ROBBER WOULD LEAVE A TRAIL BEHIND--BUT NOT ME!

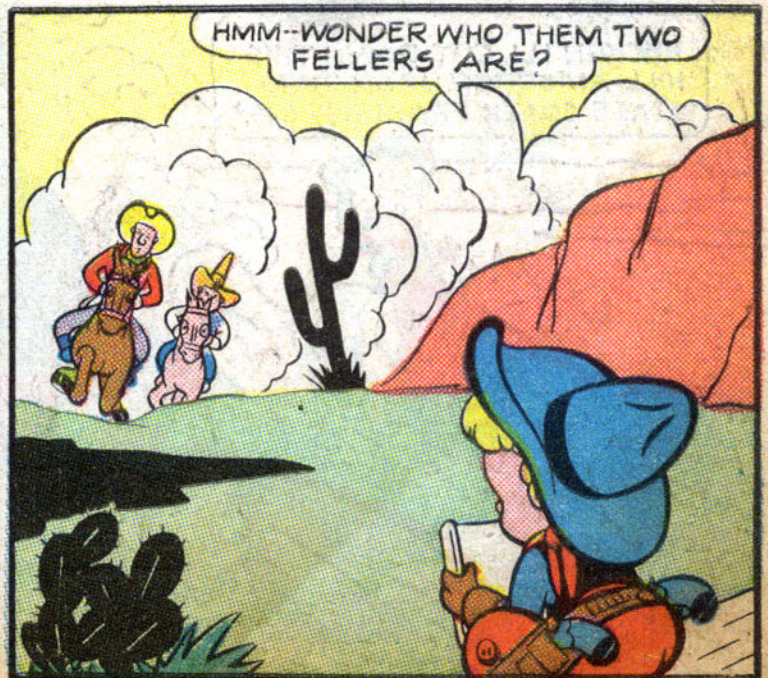
BANK

JESSE JIMMY STARTS OUT TO STICK UP A STAGE COACH BUT ENDS UP WITH INJUN TROUBLE!

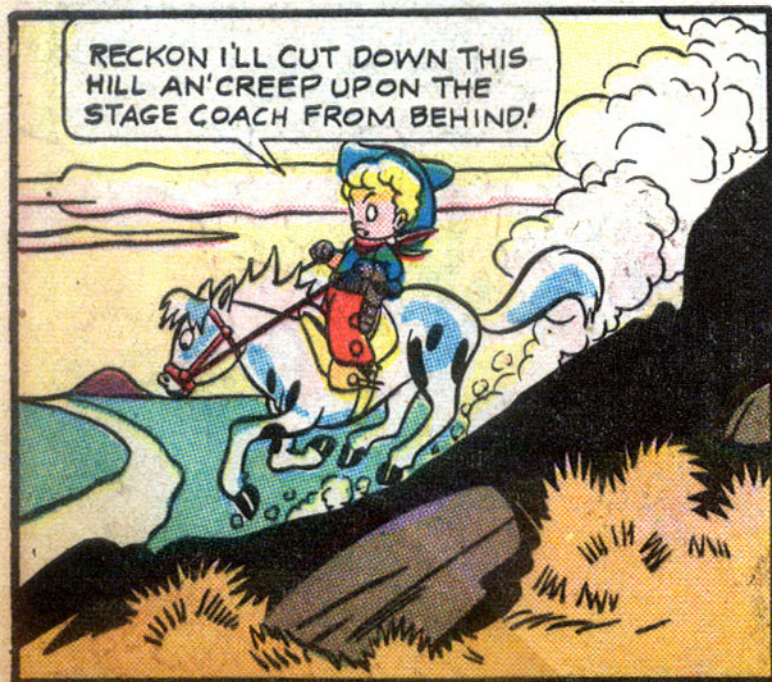
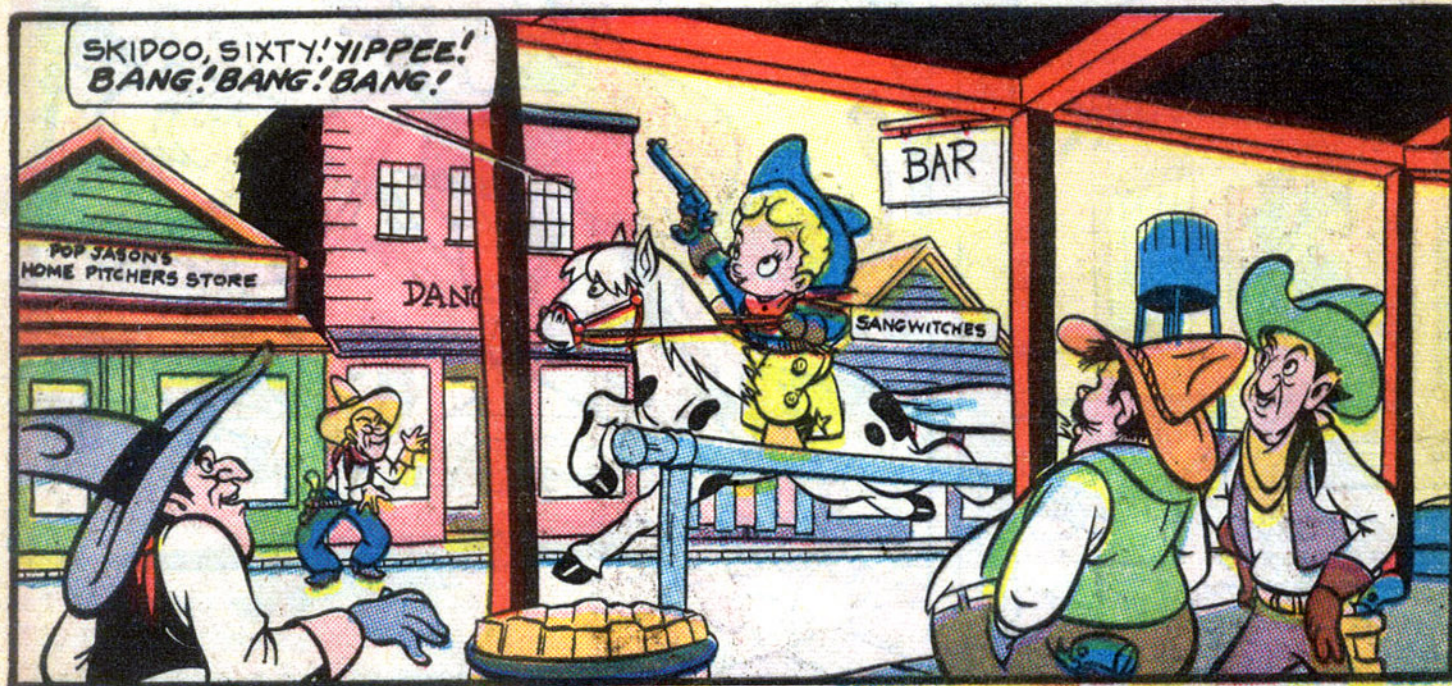
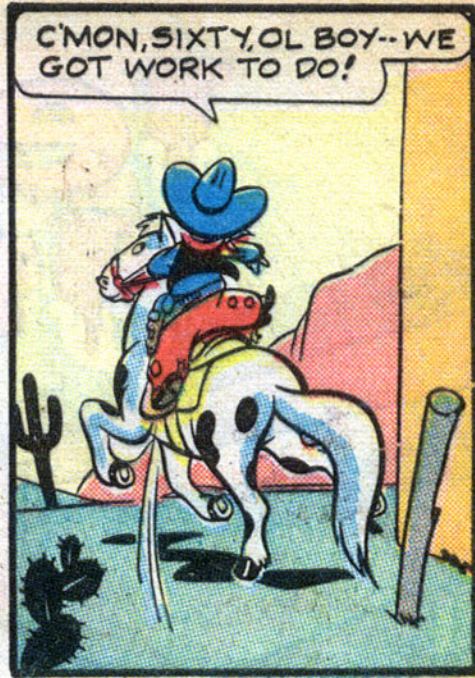
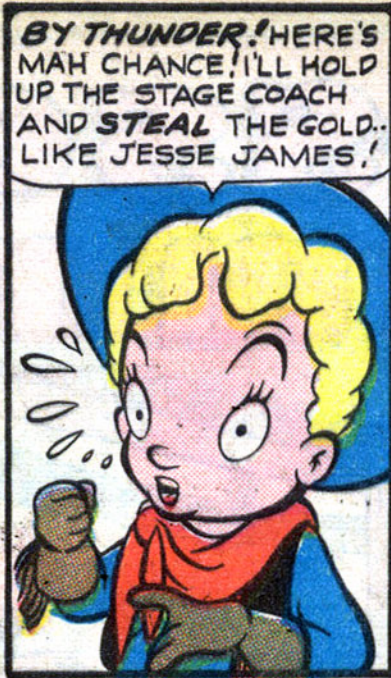
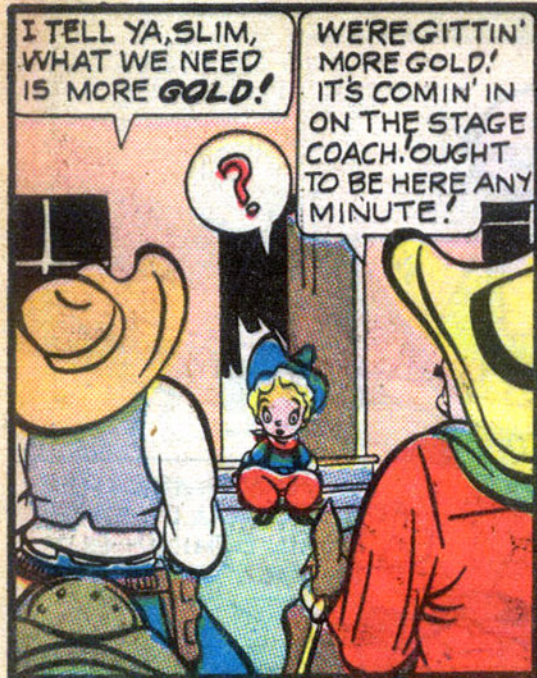
GOSH! WHY CAN'T I ROB A STAGE COACH LIKE JESSE JAMES?



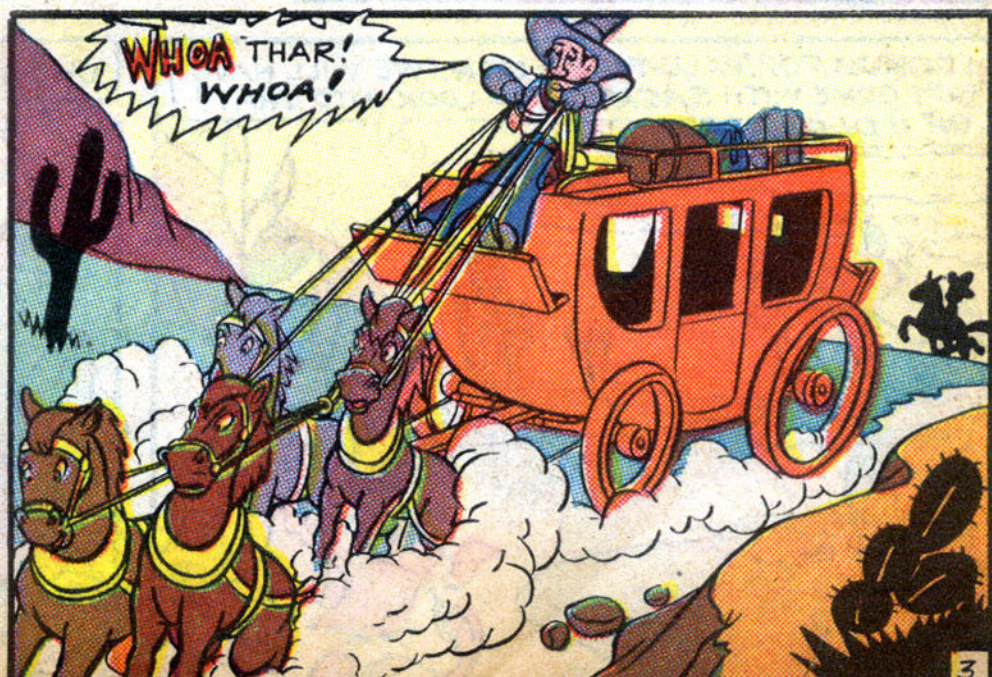
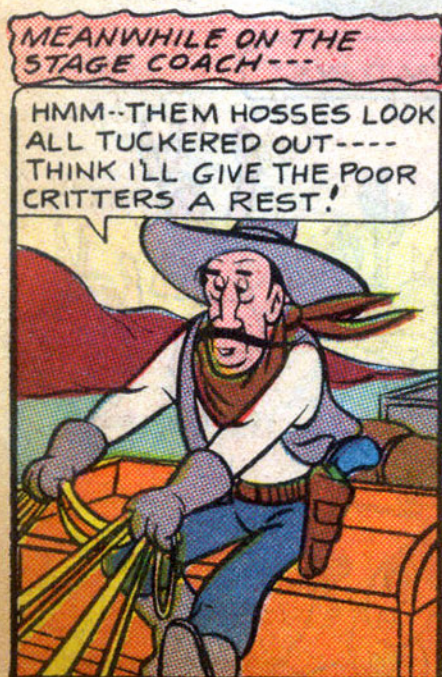
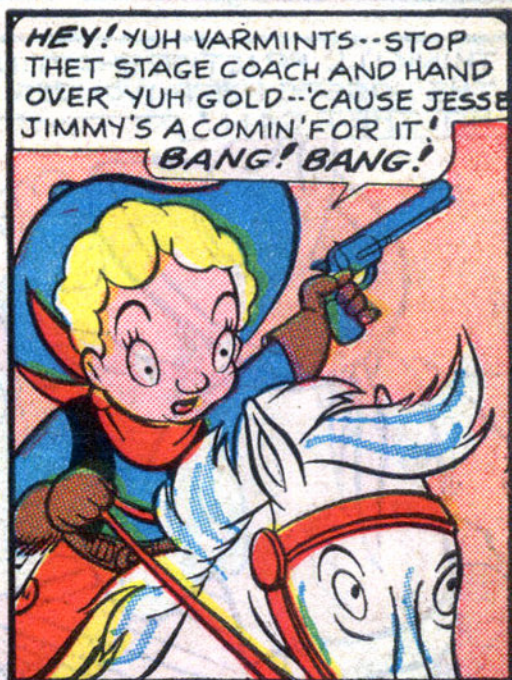
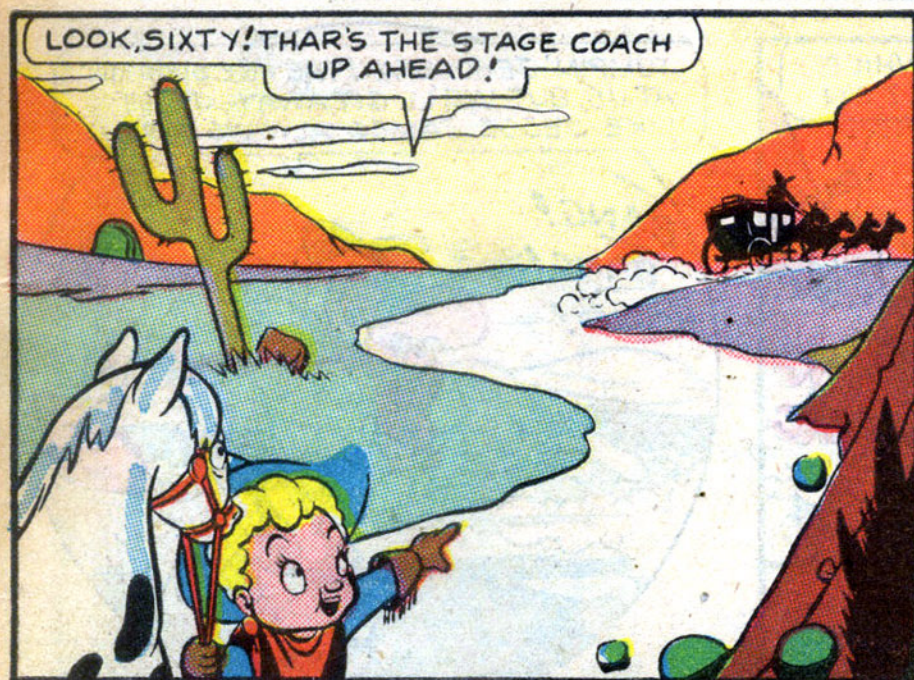
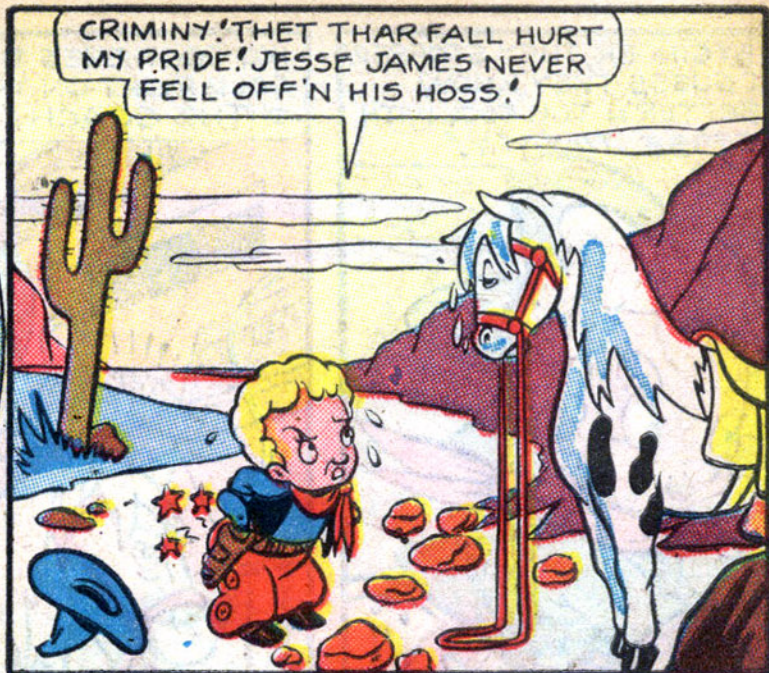
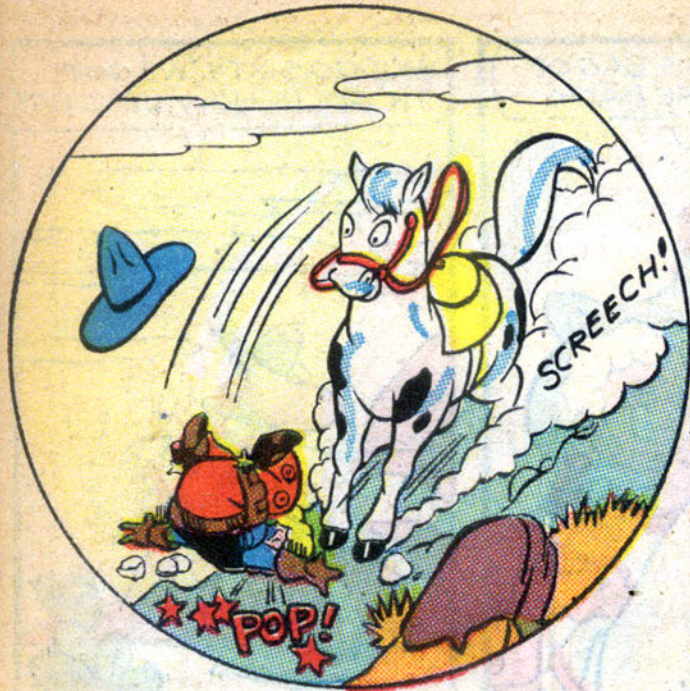
HMM--WONDER WHO THEM TWO FELLERS ARE?





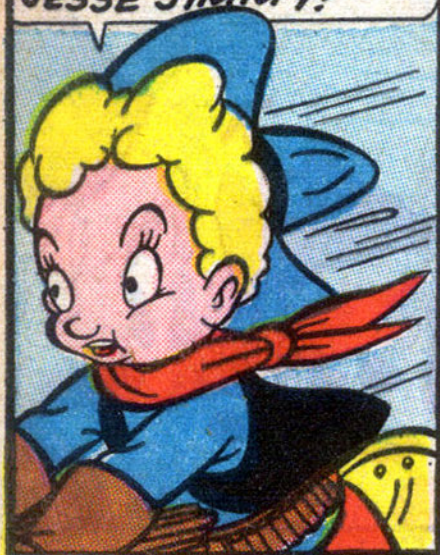




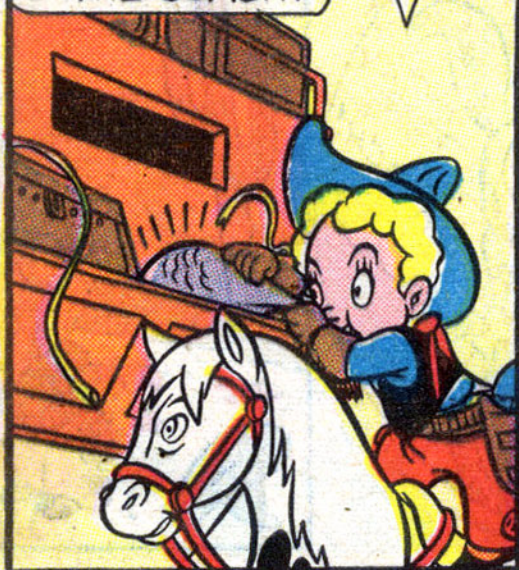




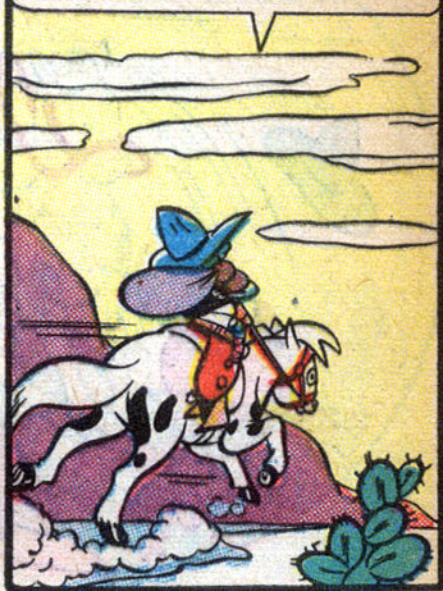
BY GINGER, THEY STOPPED!  
I GUESS THEY KNOW  
BETTER'N TUH FOOL WITH  
**JESSE JIMMY!**



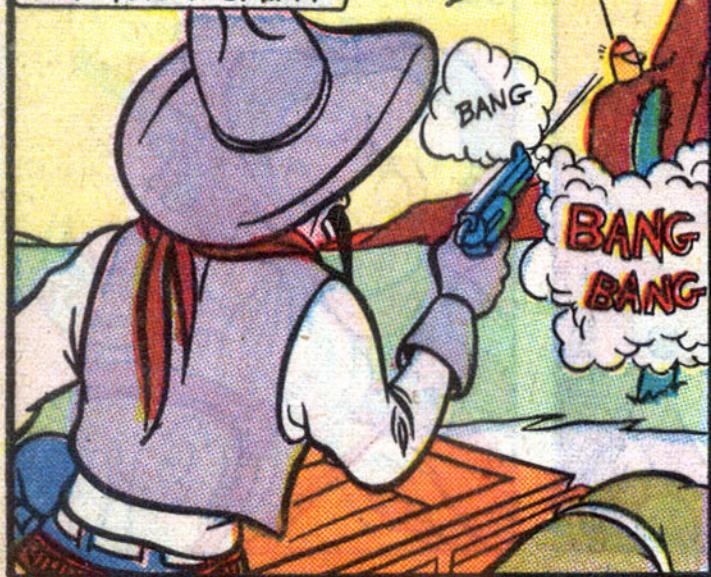
HOT DOG! HERE'S THE BAG OF  
GOLD RIGHT ON THE BACK  
O' THE COACH!



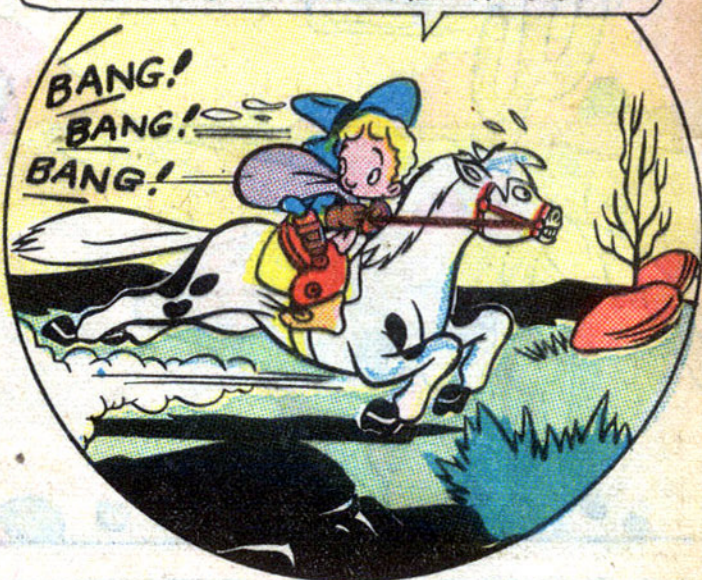
SKIDOO, SIXTY! WE GOT  
TH' GOLD--NOW LET'S GIT!



THINK I'LL PRACTICE SHOOTIN' WHILE  
THE HOSSES REST--WONDER IF I C'N  
HIT THET CAN!

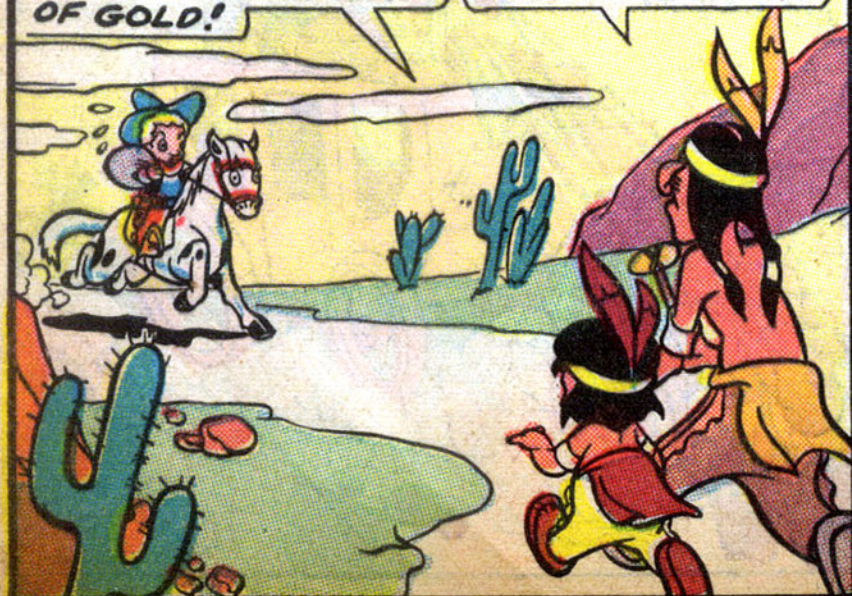


JUMPIN' JEHOSEFAT! THEY'RE SHOOTIN'  
AT US, BUT WE'LL GIT AWAY--JUST  
LIKE JESSE JAMES ALWAYS DID!

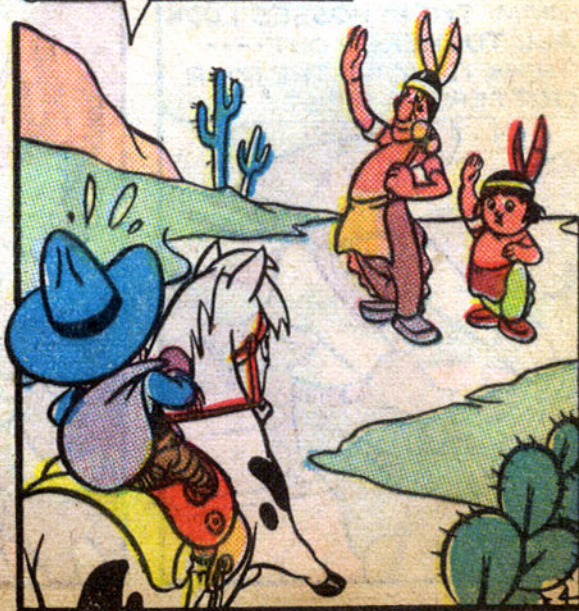


LOOKUM, POP! PALE-FACE  
BOY COME WITH **SACK**  
OF GOLD!

UGH! WE WILL HAVE  
TO LOOK INTO THAT!



UH OH! **INJUNS!**



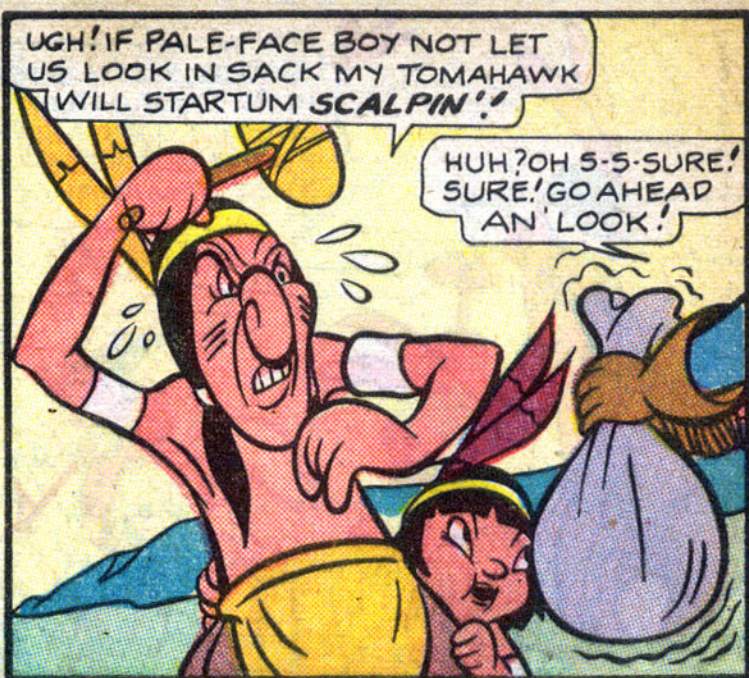


GIT OUTA MY WAY, YOU INJUNS--IF YA DON'T, MY TRUSTY SIX SHOOTER IS GONNA START TALKIN'!



UGH! IF PALE-FACE BOY NOT LET US LOOK IN SACK MY TOMAHAWK I WILL STARTUM SCALPIN'!

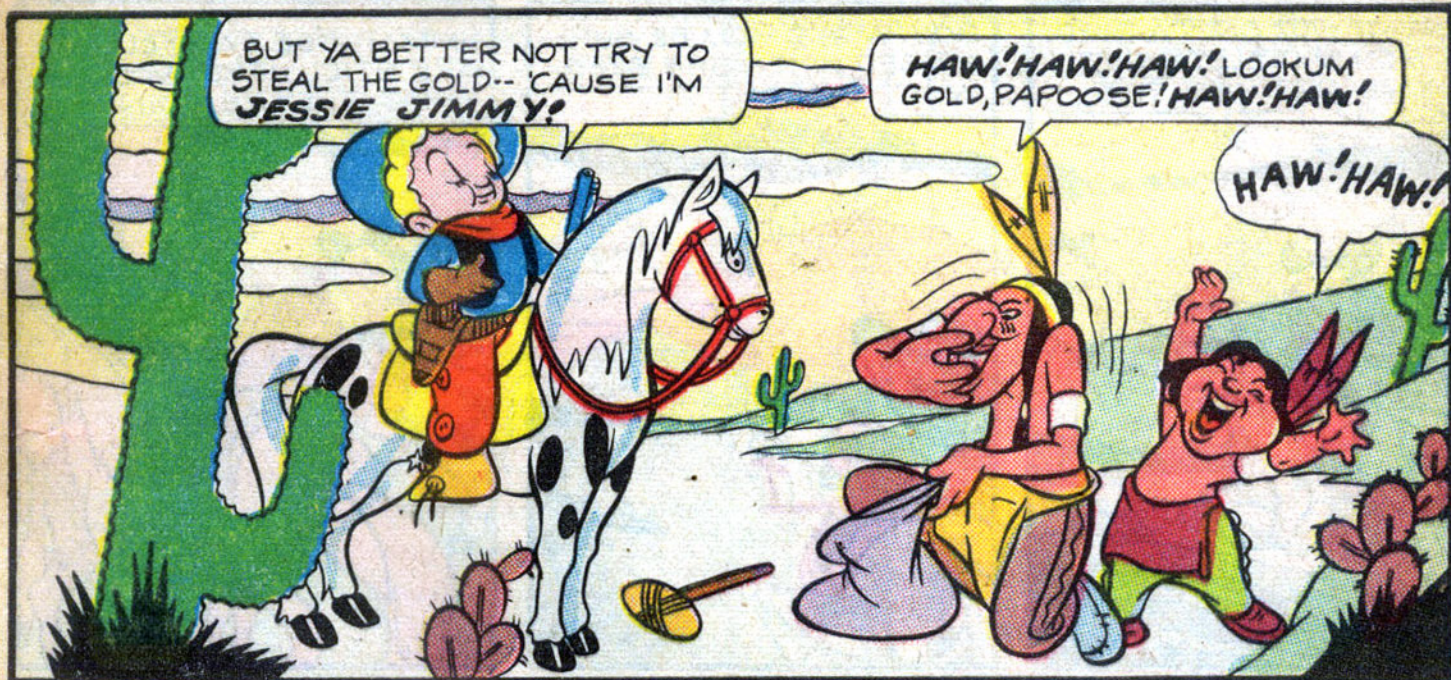
HUH? OH S-S-SURE! SURE! GO AHEAD AN' LOOK!



BUT YA BETTER NOT TRY TO STEAL THE GOLD-- 'CAUSE I'M JESSIE JIMMY!

HAW! HAW! HAW! LOOKUM GOLD, PAPOOSE! HAW! HAW!

HAW! HAW!

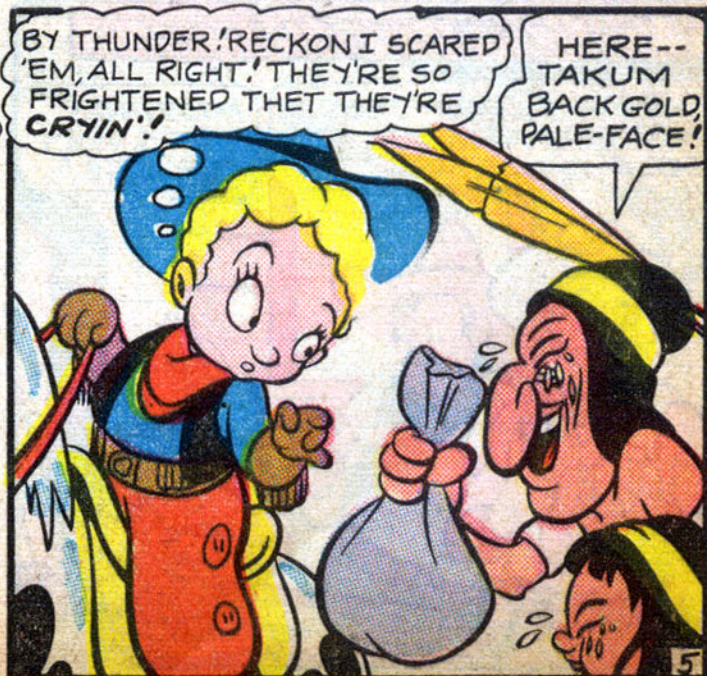
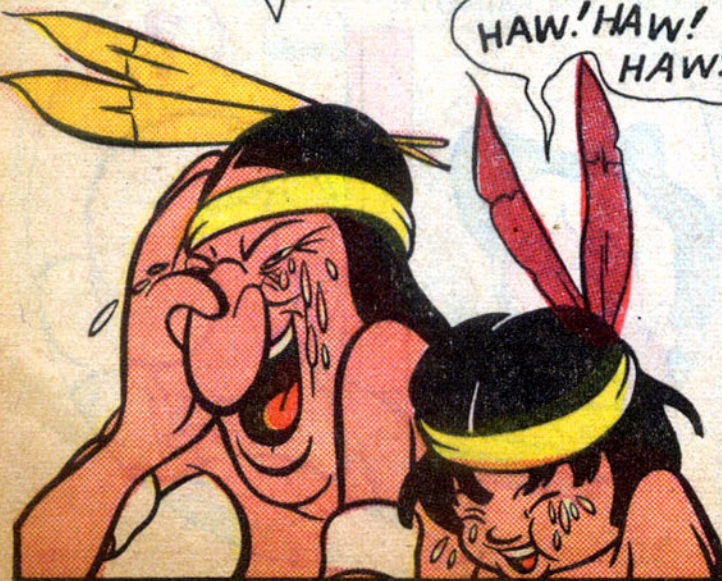


HAU! HAU! ME LAUGHUM SO MUCH ME HAVE UM TEARS IN EYES!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

BY THUNDER! RECKON I SCARED 'EM, ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE SO FRIGHTENED THET THEY'RE CRYIN'!

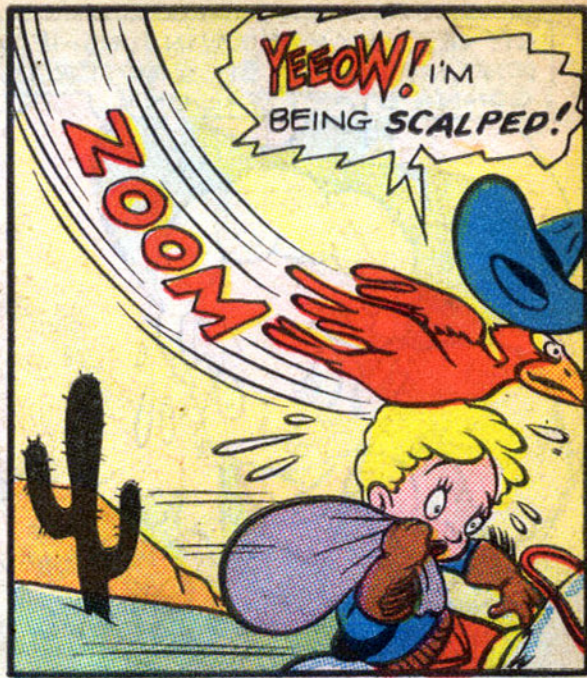
HERE-- TAKUM BACK GOLD, PALE-FACE!





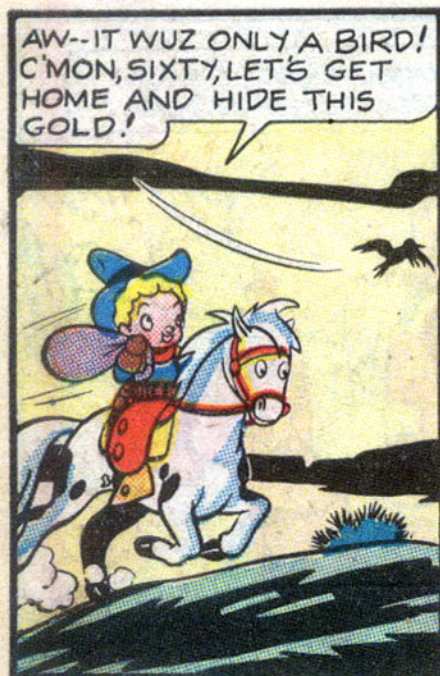


SKIDOO, SIXTY! GOSH, I HOPE THET INJUN DOESN'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS WITH THET TOMAHAWK!

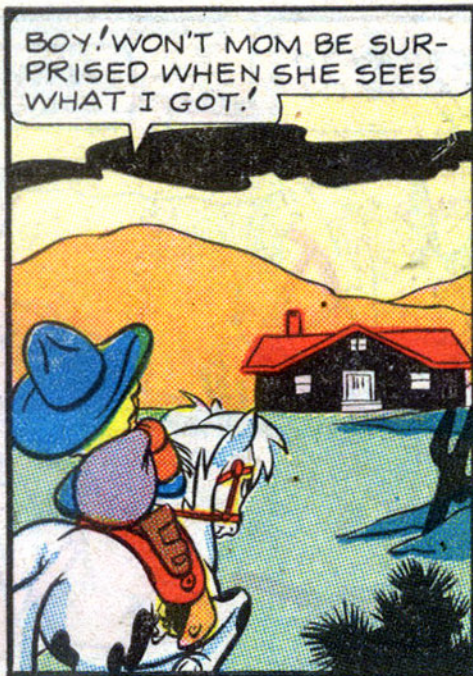


YEEOW! I'M BEING SCALPED!

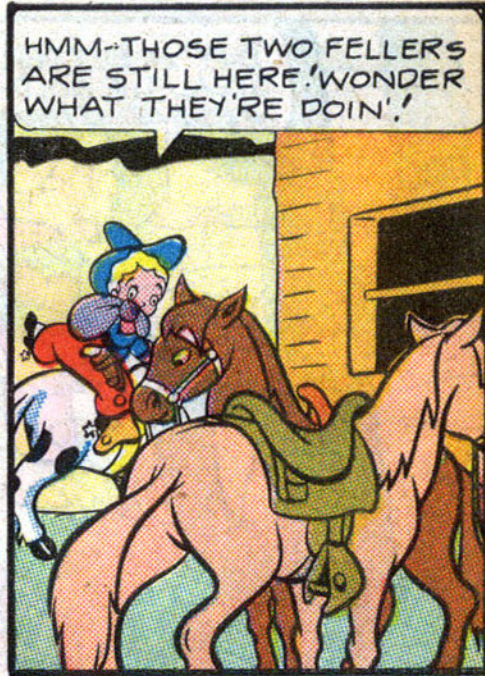
NOOM



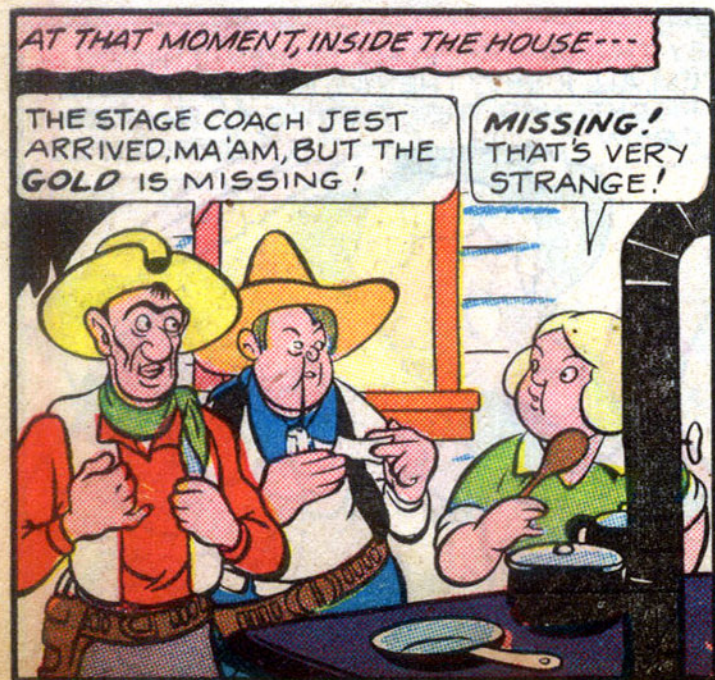
AW--IT WUZ ONLY A BIRD! C'MON, SIXTY, LET'S GET HOME AND HIDE THIS GOLD!



BOY! WON'T MOM BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE SEES WHAT I GOT!



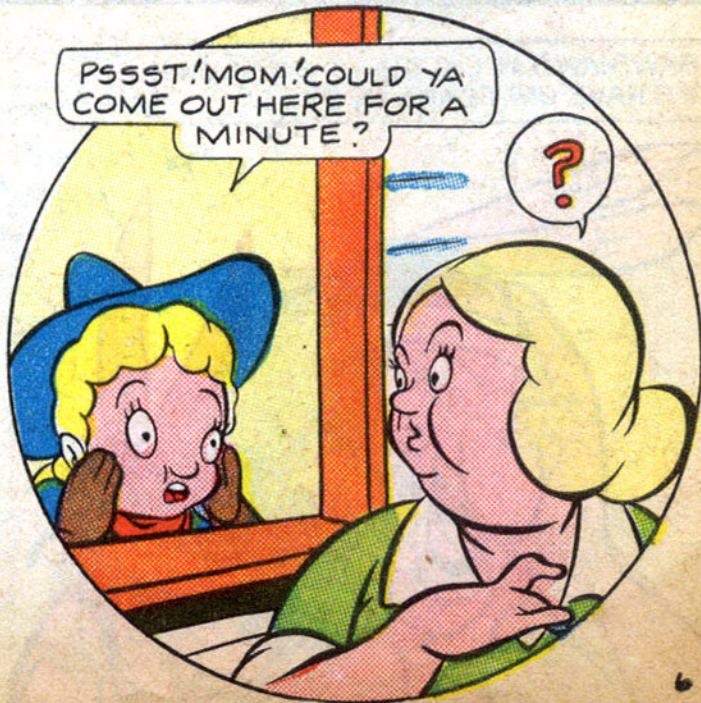
HMM--THOSE TWO FELLERS ARE STILL HERE! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DOIN'!



AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE HOUSE---

THE STAGE COACH JEST ARRIVED, MA'AM, BUT THE GOLD IS MISSING!

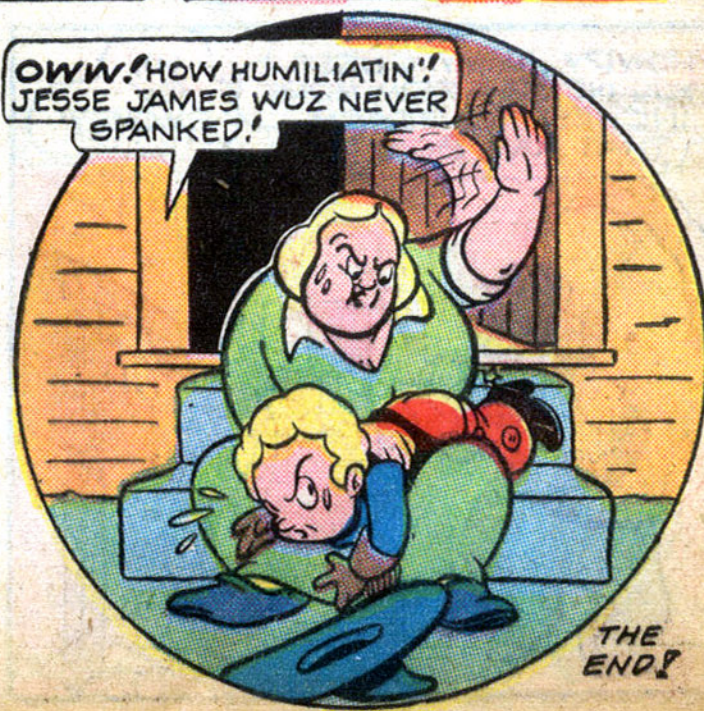
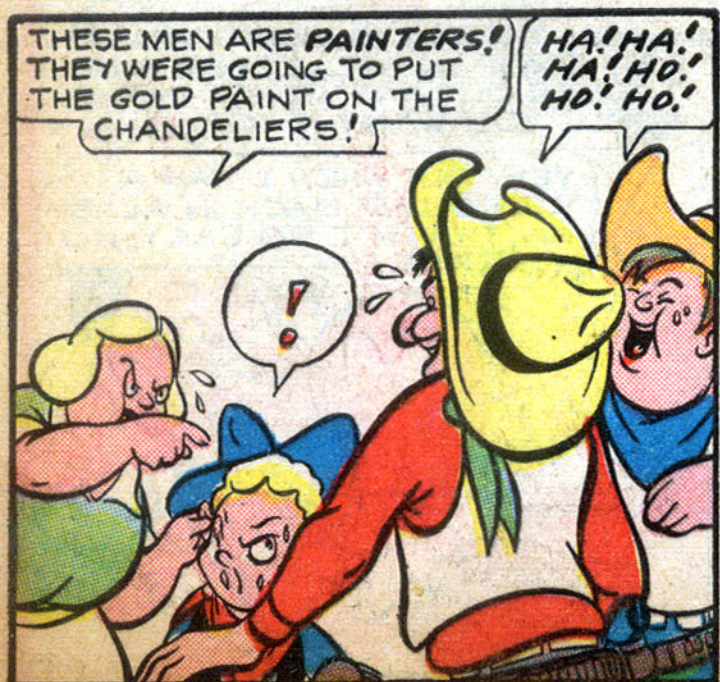
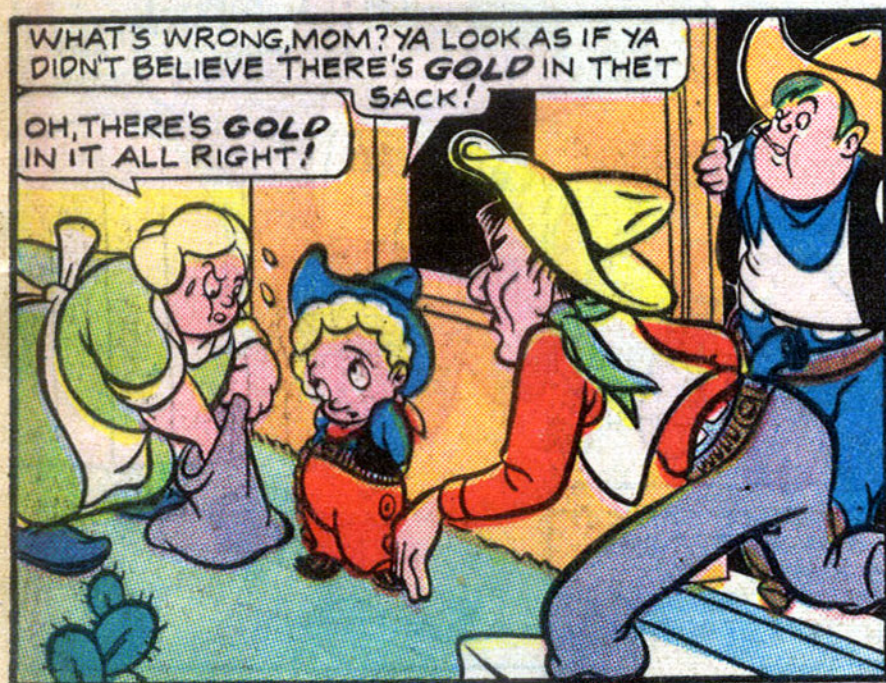
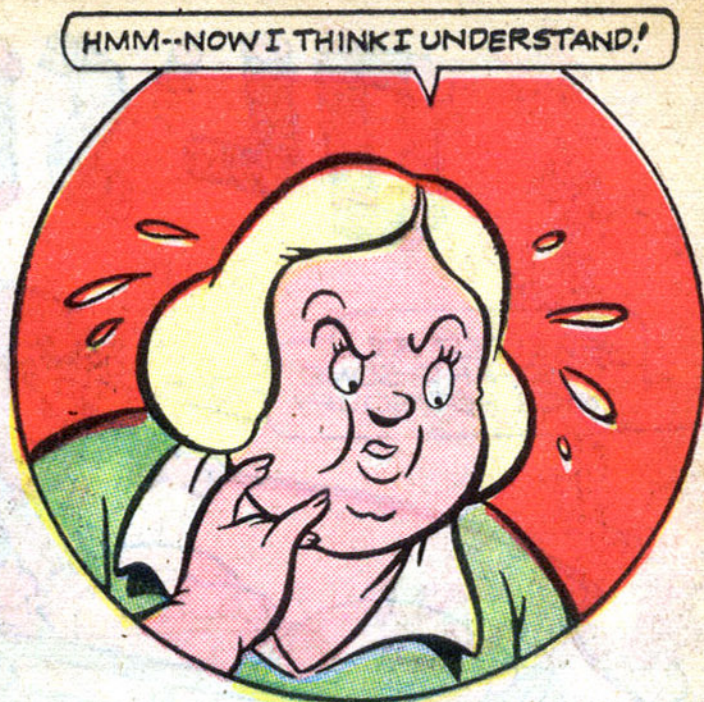
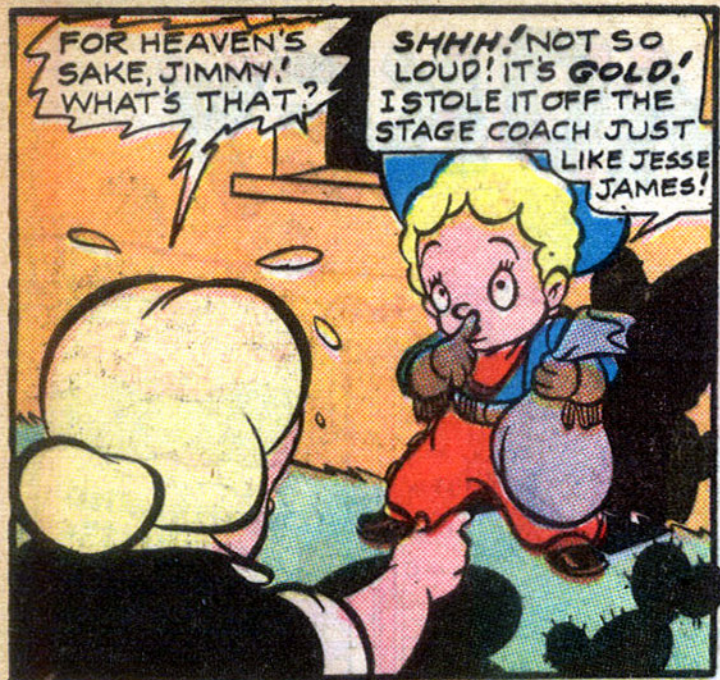
MISSING! THAT'S VERY STRANGE!



PSSST! MOM! COULD YA COME OUT HERE FOR A MINUTE?

?

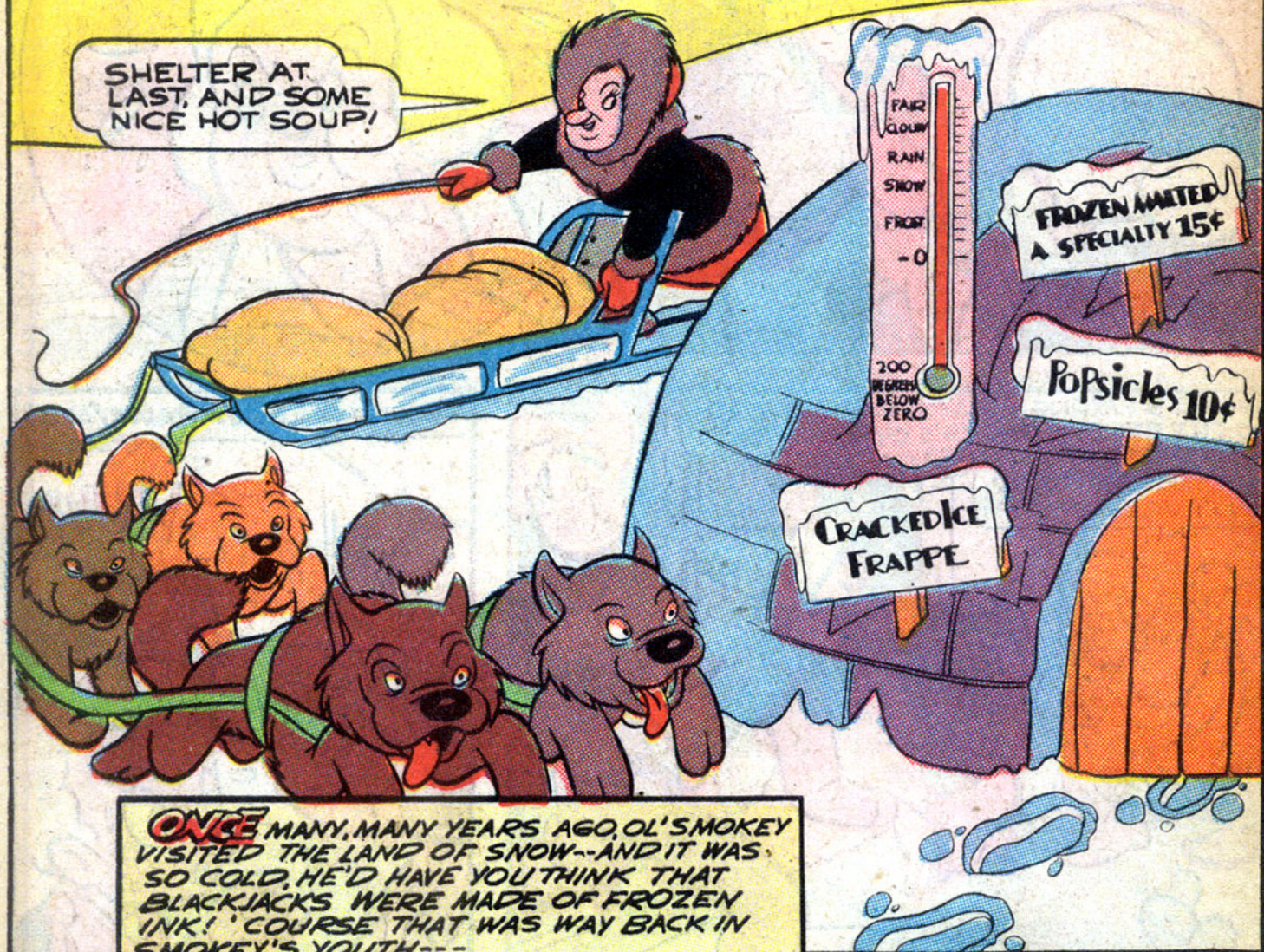






# OL' SMOKEY

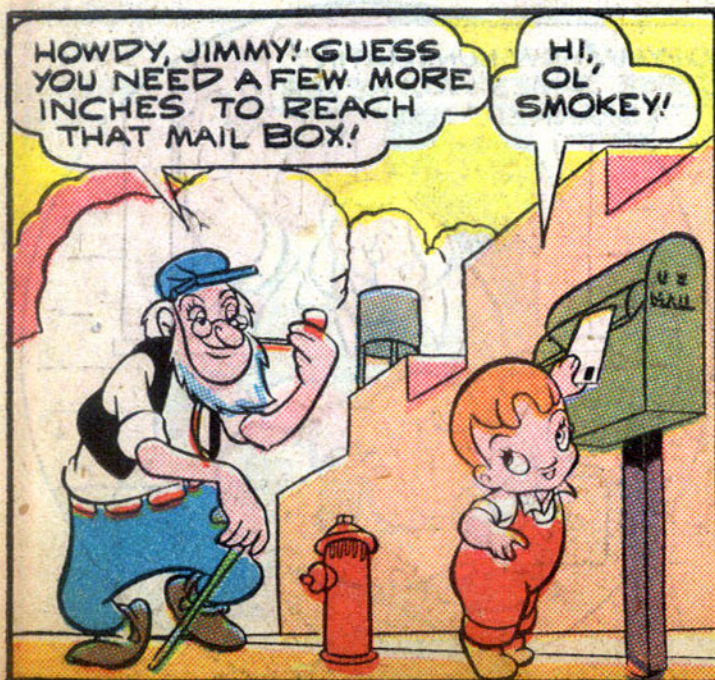
SHELTER AT  
LAST, AND SOME  
NICE HOT SOUP!



**ONCE** MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, OL' SMOKEY VISITED THE LAND OF SNOW--AND IT WAS SO COLD, HE'D HAVE YOU THINK THAT BLACKJACKS WERE MADE OF FROZEN INK! 'COURSE THAT WAS WAY BACK IN SMOKEY'S YOUTH---

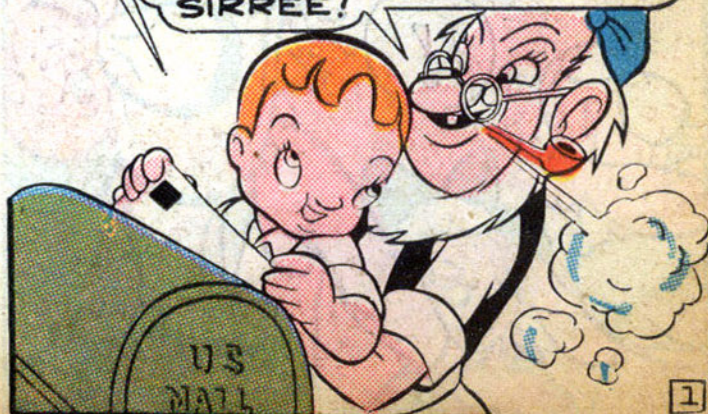
HOWDY, JIMMY! GUESS  
YOU NEED A FEW MORE  
INCHES TO REACH  
THAT MAIL BOX!

HI,  
OL'  
SMOKEY!



JIMMINY! THE MAIL IS WONDERFUL!  
JUST DROP IN THE LETTER AND  
IT COMES OUT ANY PLACE IN THE  
WORLD YOU WANT IT TO!

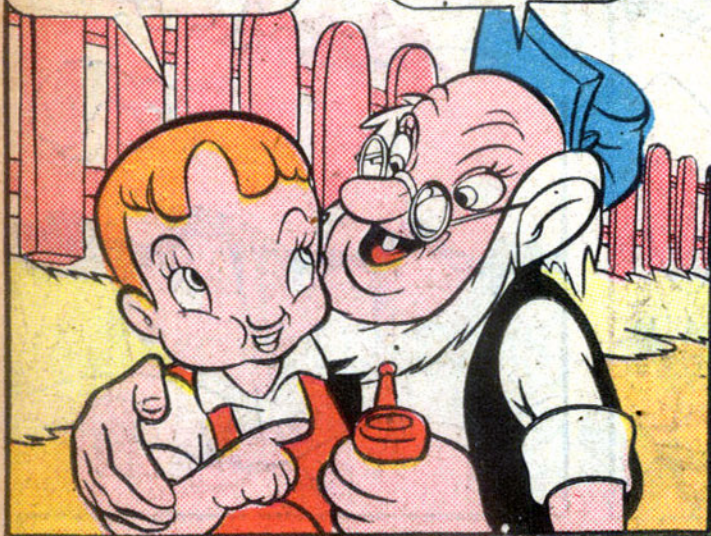
YEP! BUT WHEN I WAS A  
YOUNG LAD BACK IN ALAS-  
KA, 'TWARNT SO EASY, NO  
SIRREE!



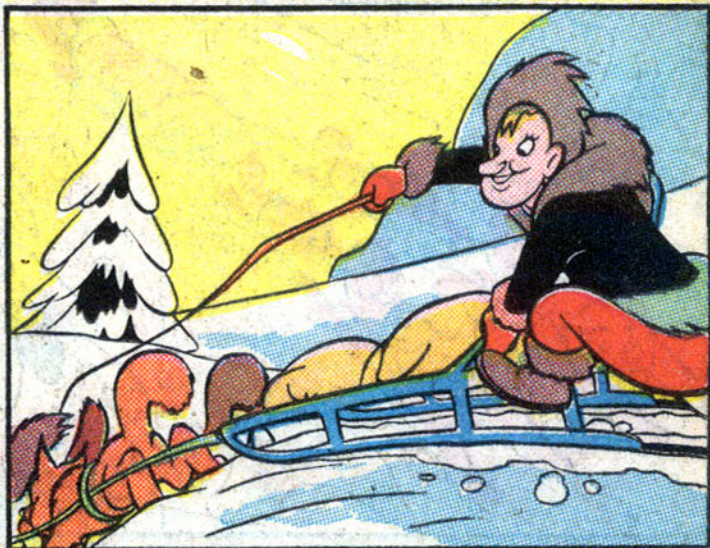


ALASKA! GEE SMOKEY, YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT ONE!

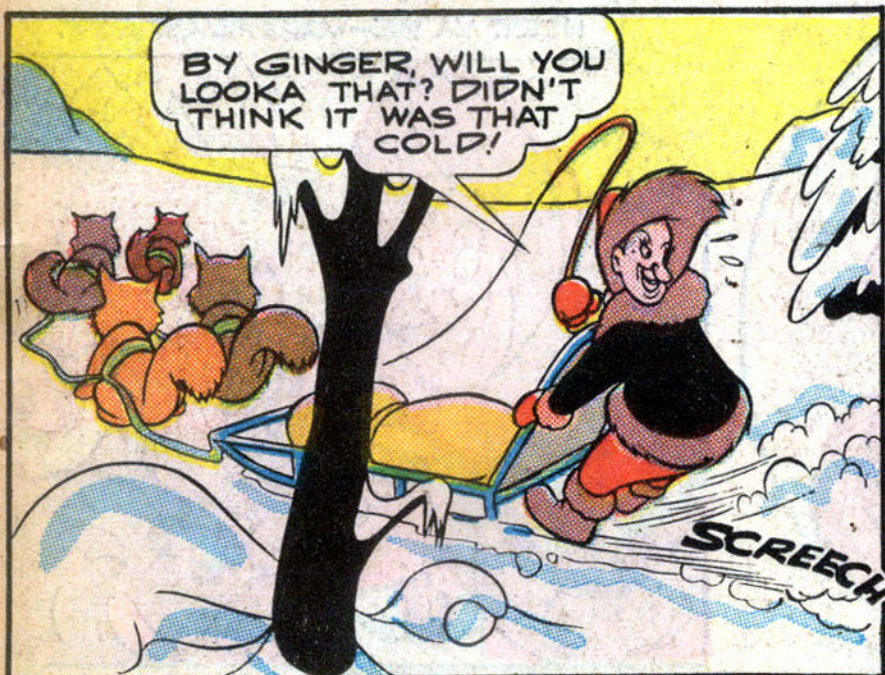
WELL, SIR! IT WAS UP IN DAWSON 'BOUT 1880 AS I RECALL--



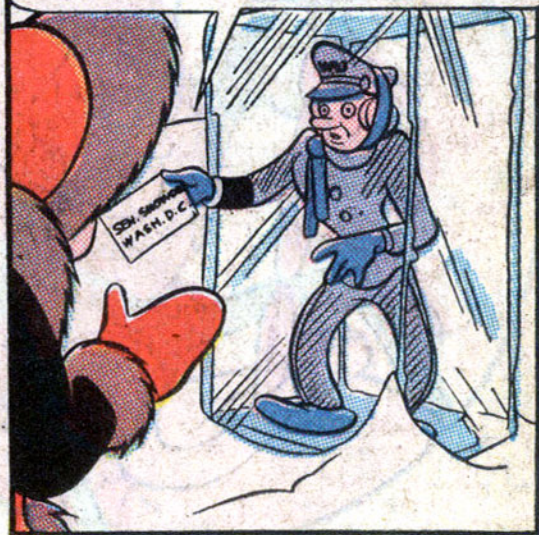
I WUZ OUT ON MY DOG SLED TENDING MY BAR TRAPS, NICE AND PEACEFUL LIKE----



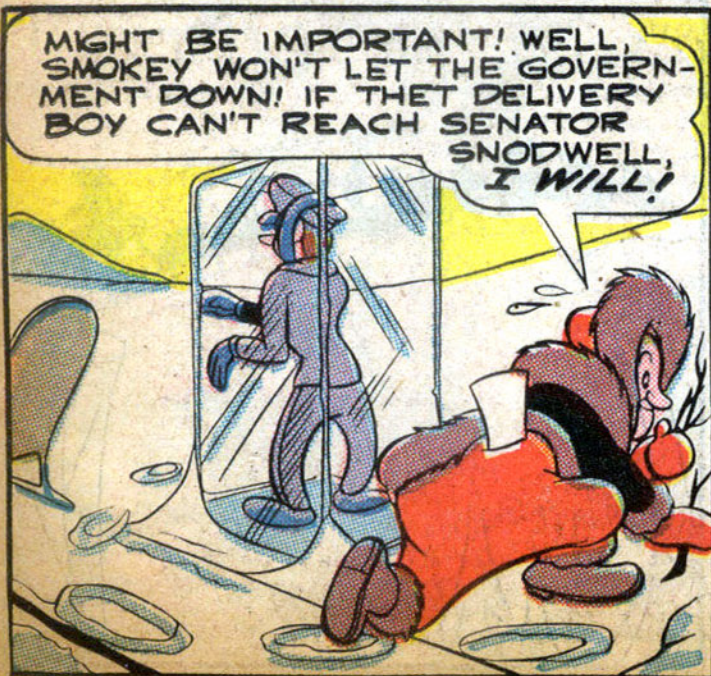
BY GINGER, WILL YOU LOOKA THAT? DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT COLD!



FROZEN TIGHTER THAN A DRUM!-HMM--A LETTER TO SENATOR SNODWELL DOWN IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



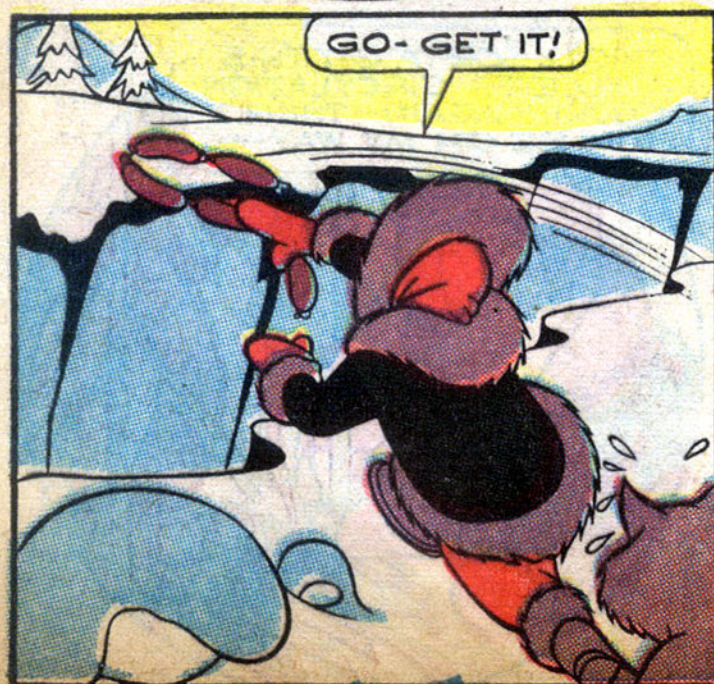
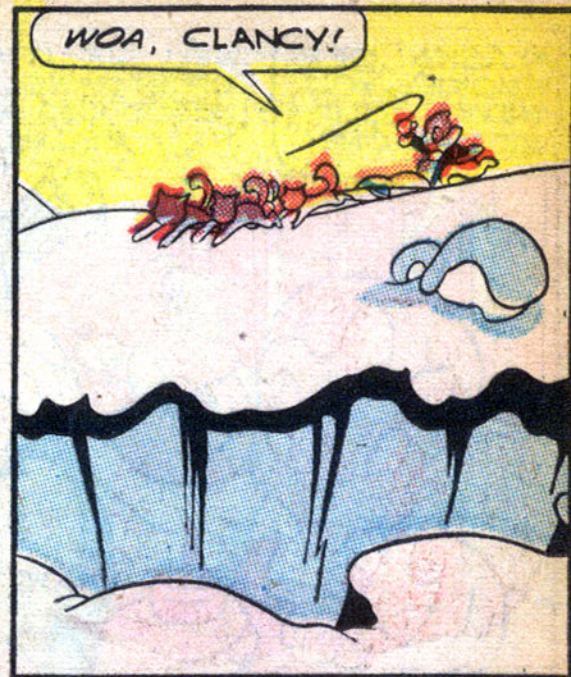
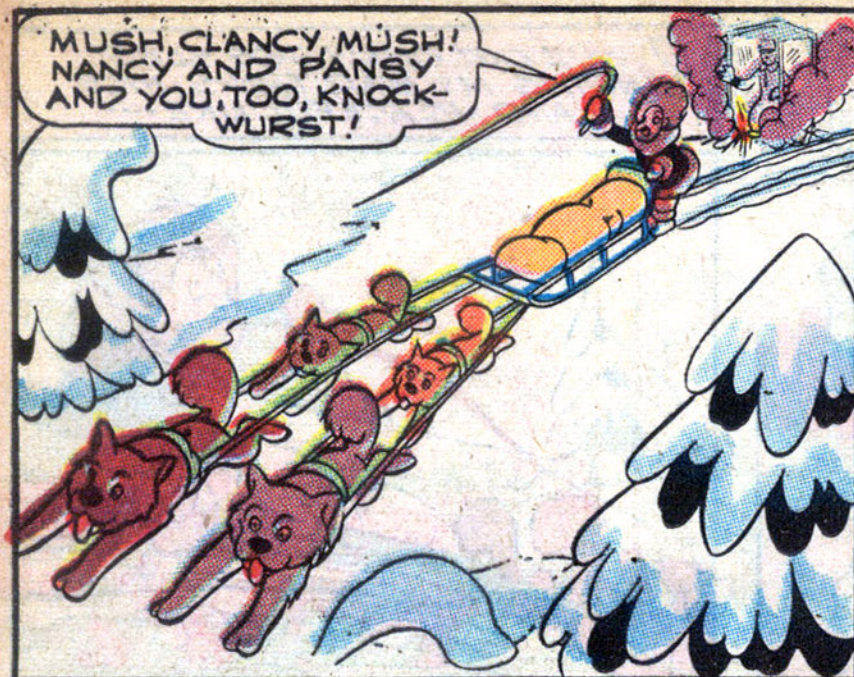
MIGHT BE IMPORTANT! WELL, SMOKEY WON'T LET THE GOVERNMENT DOWN! IF THET DELIVERY BOY CAN'T REACH SENATOR SNODWELL, I WILL!



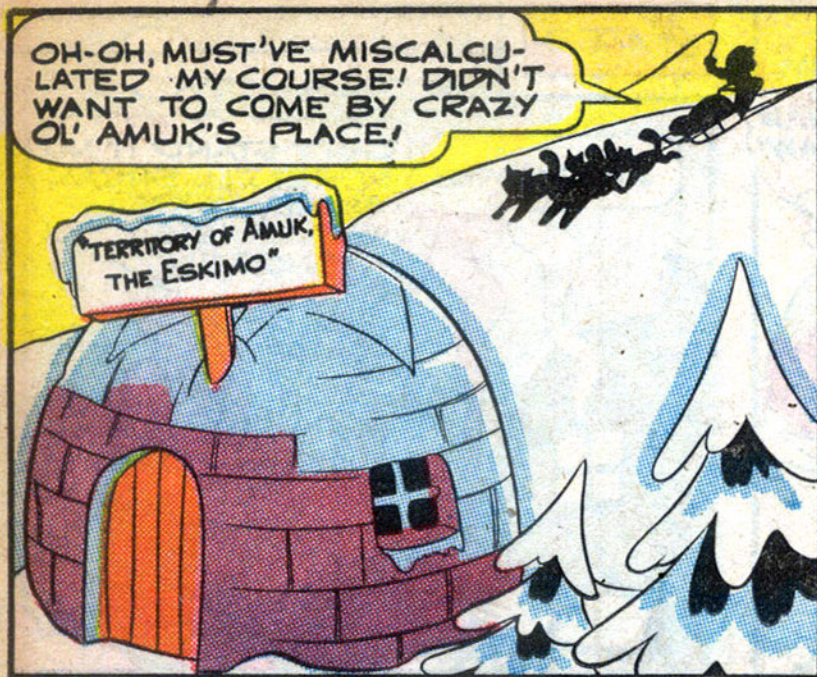
THIS'LL SORTA GIT THIS FELLER'S CIRCUYLAION COOKIN' AGAIN--THEN I KIN BE ON MY WAY----









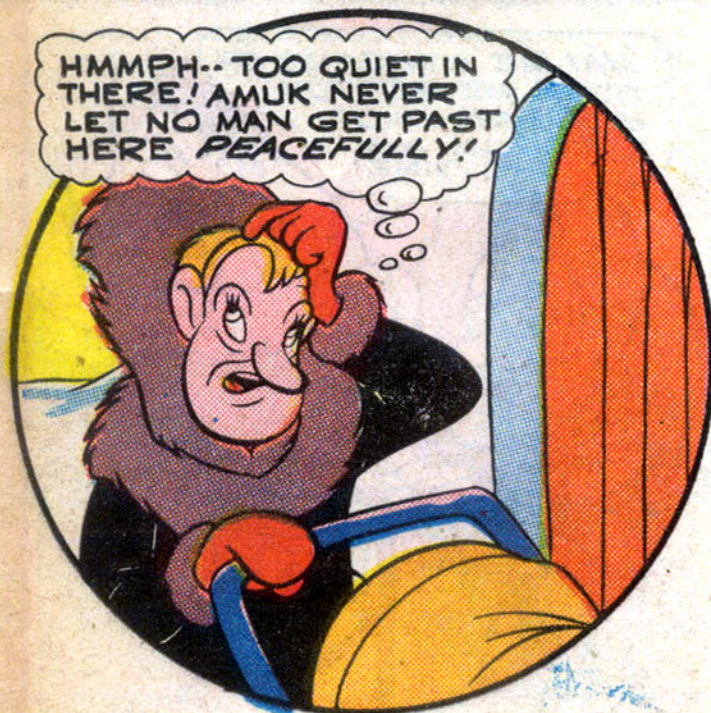


OH-OH, MUST'VE MISCALCULATED MY COURSE! DIDN'T WANT TO COME BY CRAZY OL' AMUK'S PLACE!

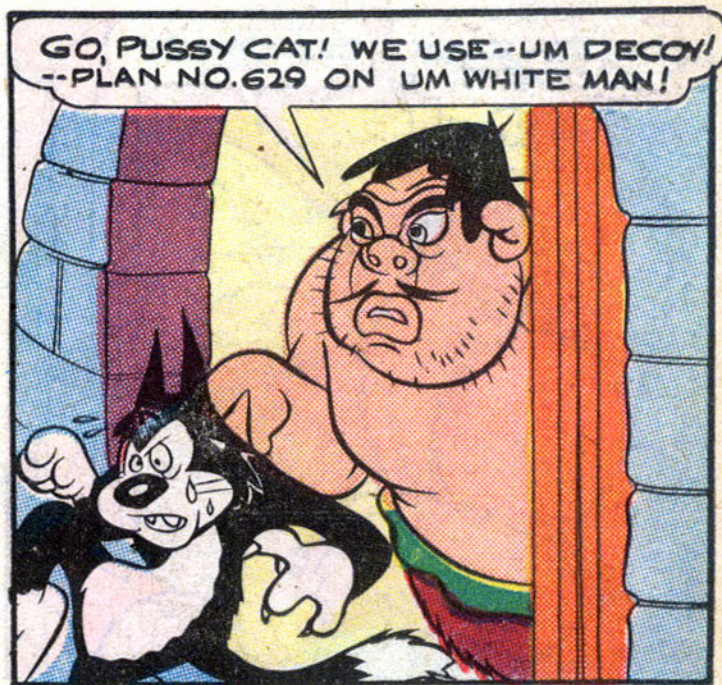


UGH! WHITE SUCKER COME DOWN TRAIL! ME KETCHUM-- GETTUM WORK OUT FOR MY FISTS! GETTUM NEW SHIRT, TOO

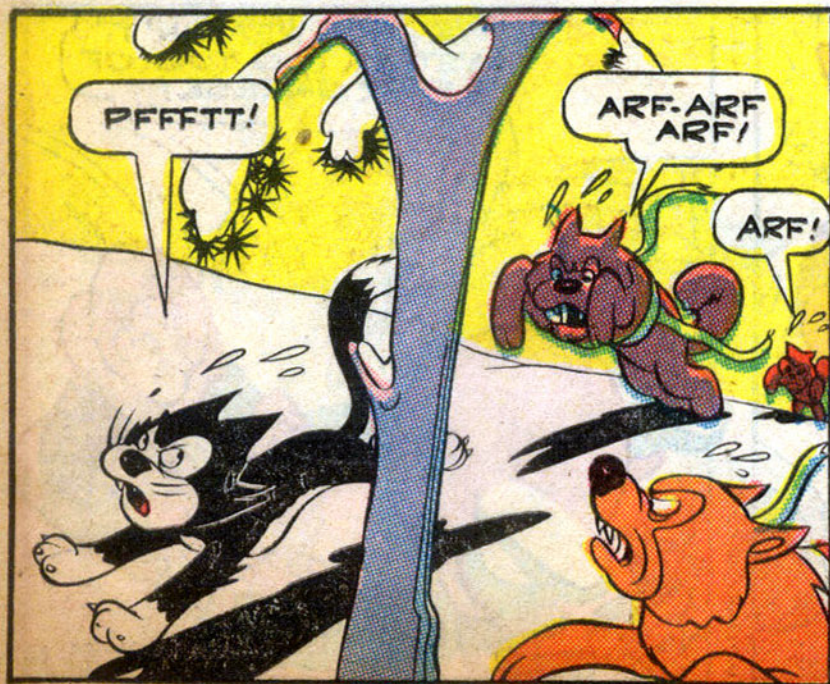
MEOWWWW!



HMMPH-- TOO QUIET IN THERE! AMUK NEVER LET NO MAN GET PAST HERE *PEACEFULLY!*



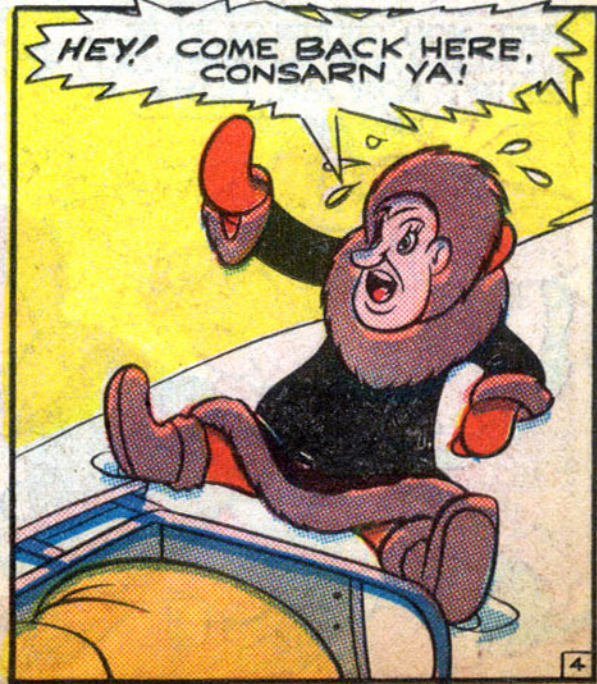
GO, PUSSY CAT! WE USE--UM DECOY! --PLAN NO.629 ON UM WHITE MAN!



PFFFTT!

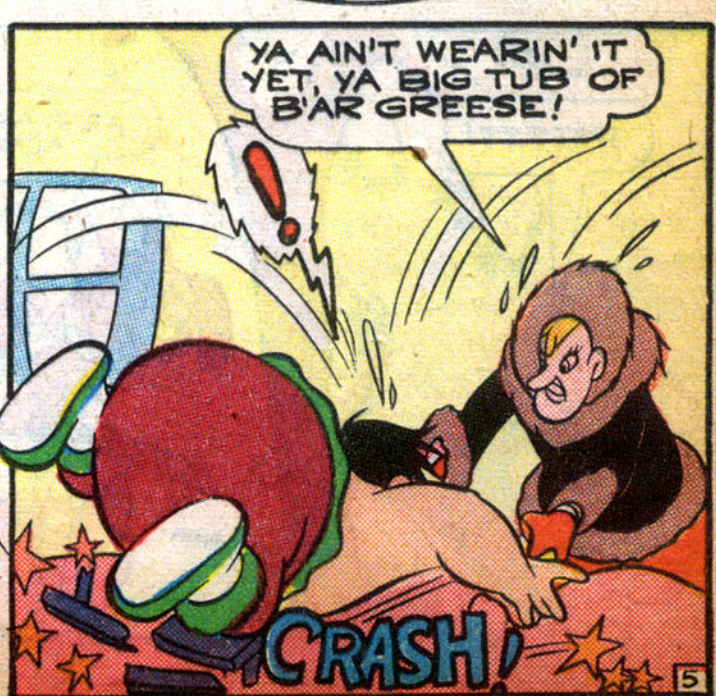
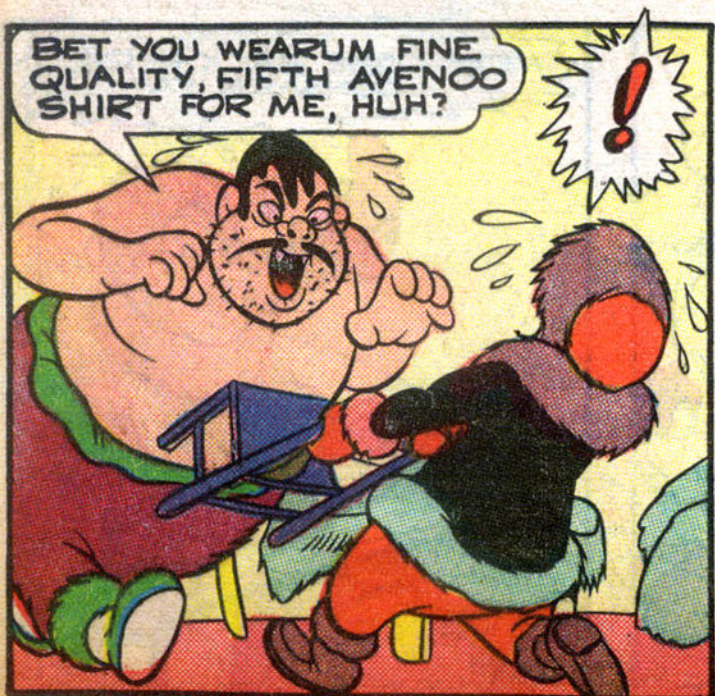
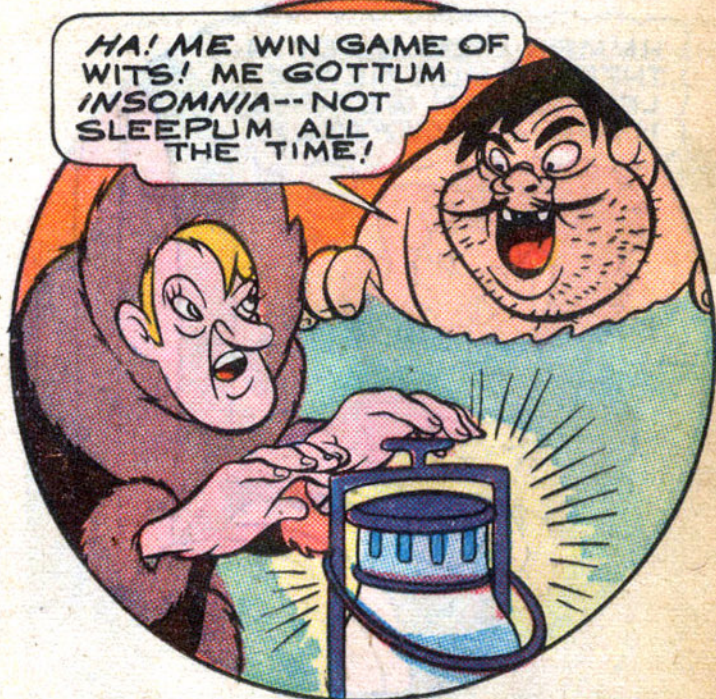
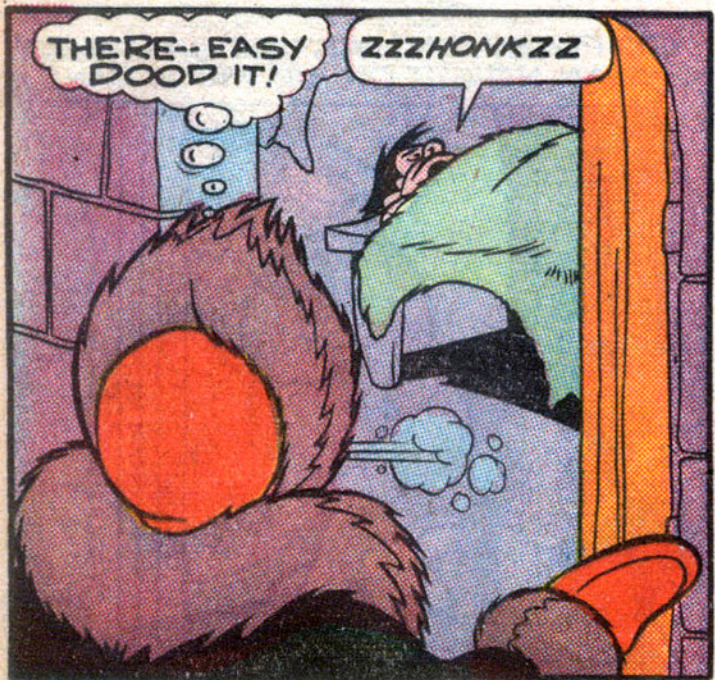
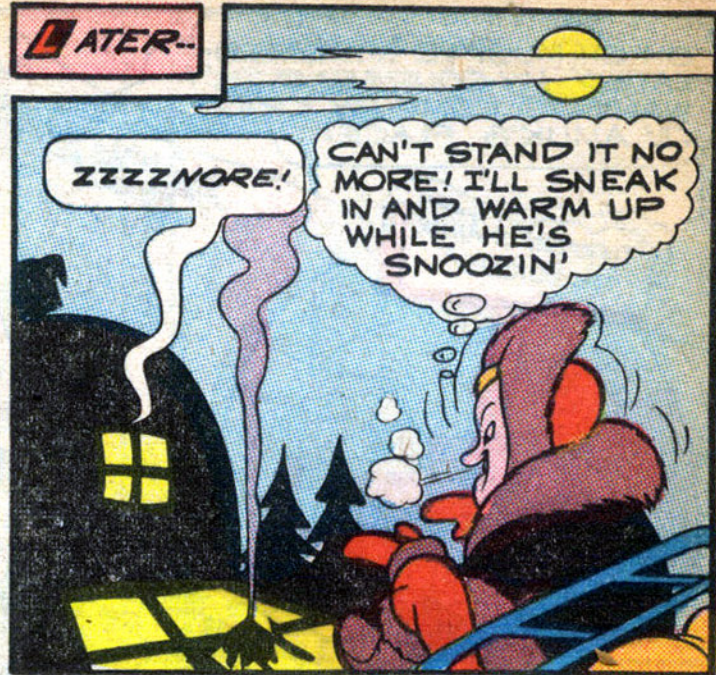
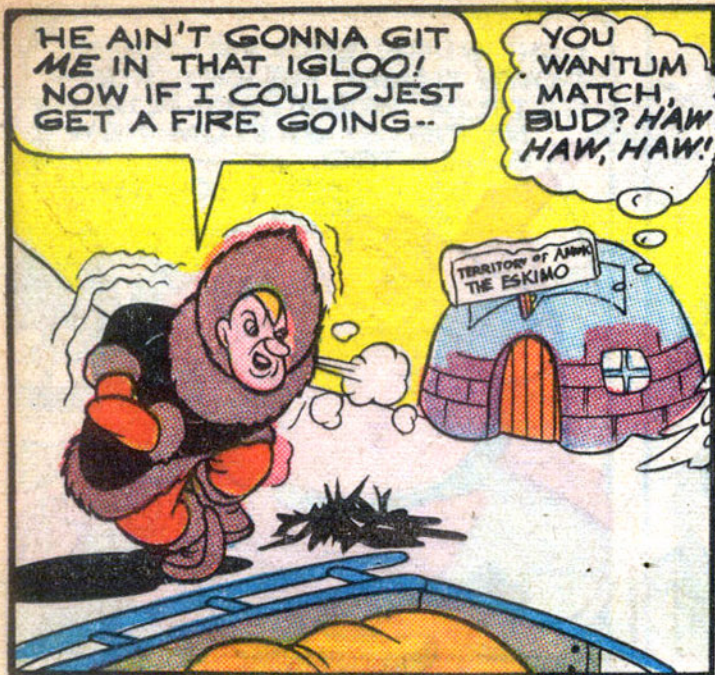
ARF-ARF  
ARF!

ARF!

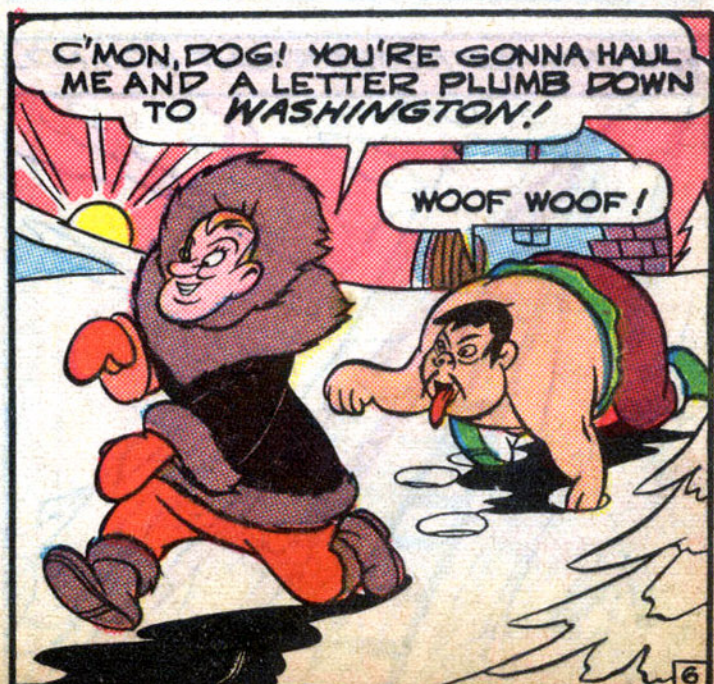
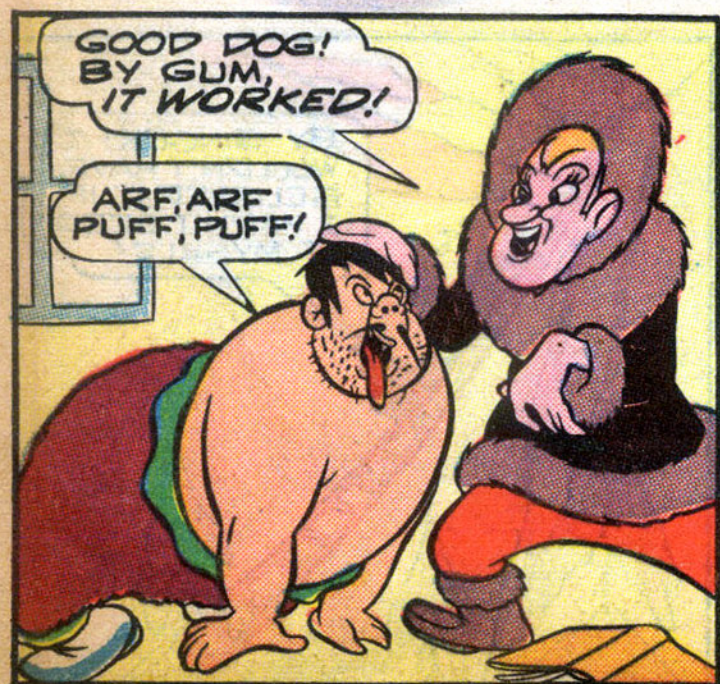
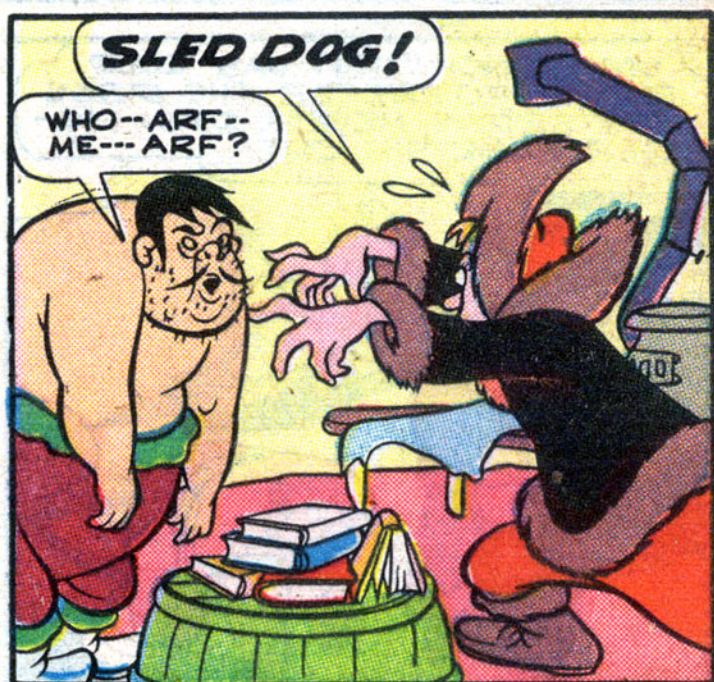
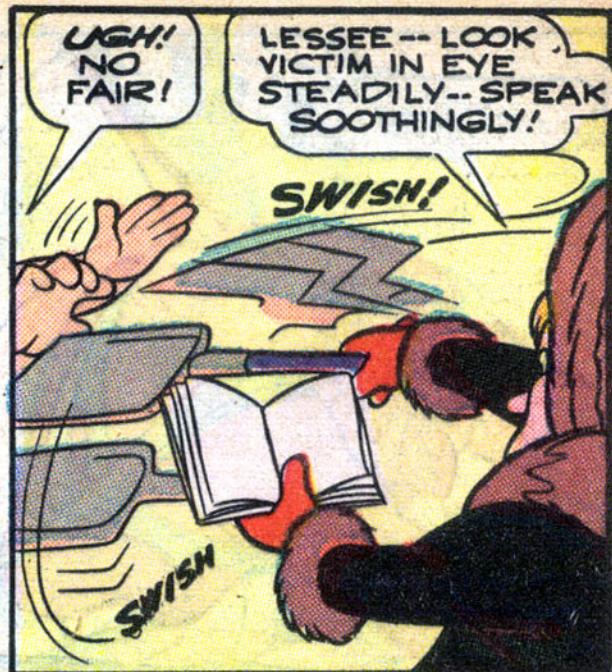


HEY! COME BACK HERE, CONSNARN YA!

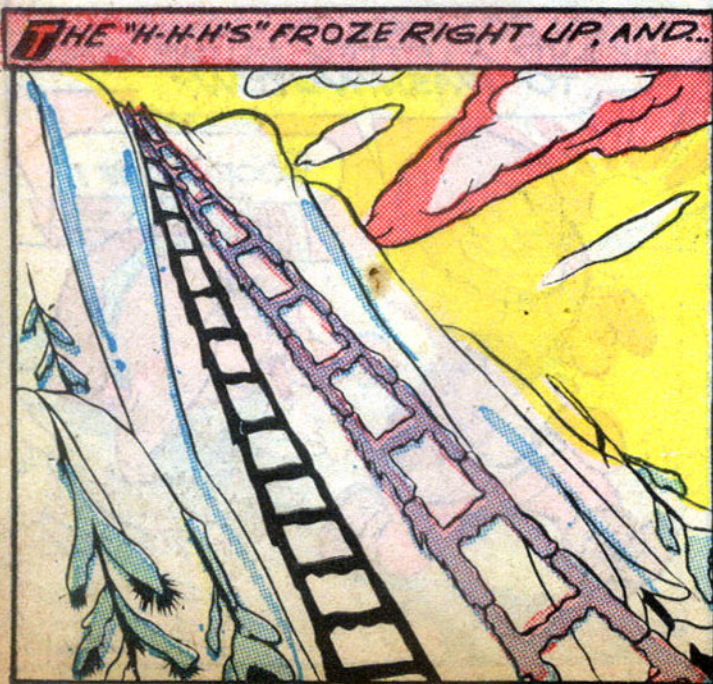
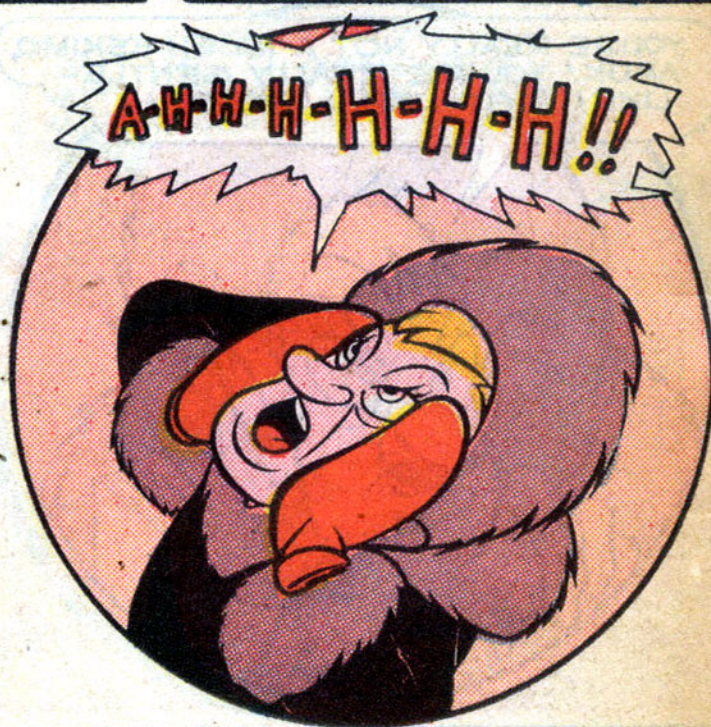
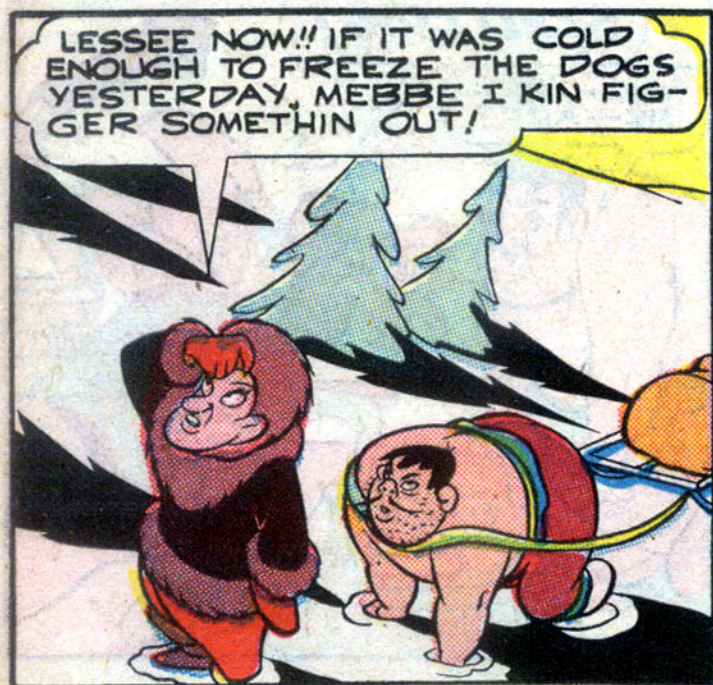
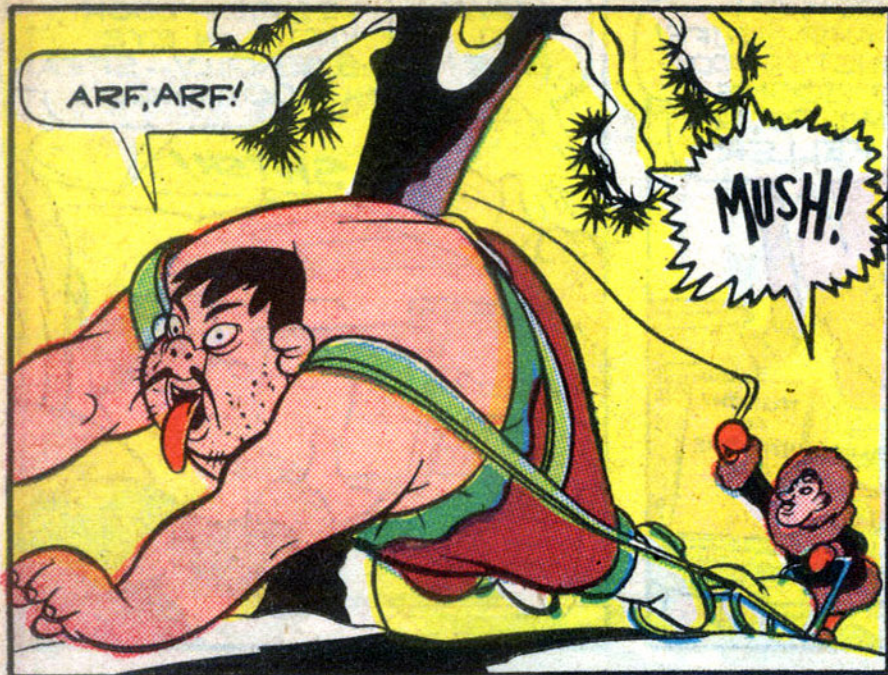














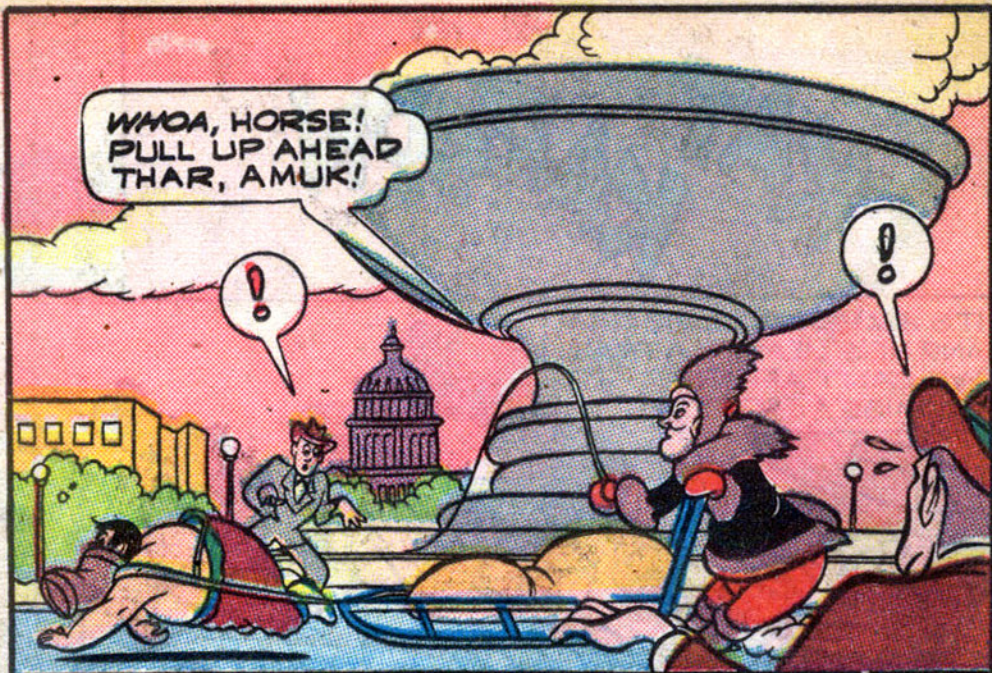
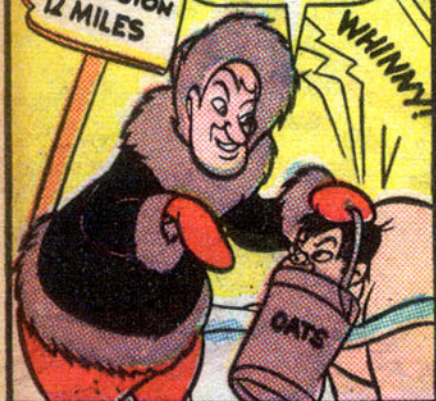
**A FEW DAYS AND NIGHTS LATER...**

HERE, AMUK! RECKON YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING A DOG--TODAY YOU'LL BE A HORSE!

WASHINGTON  
12 MILES

WHINNY!

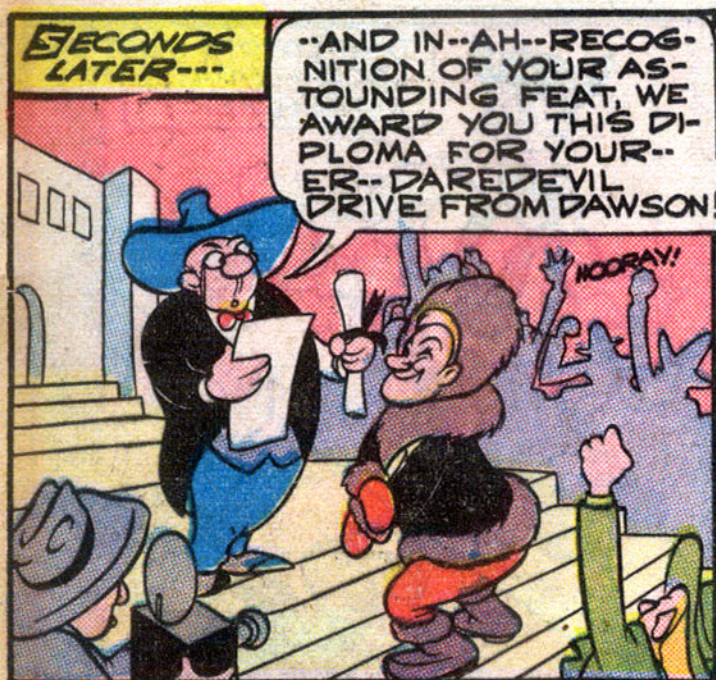
WHOOA, HORSE!  
PULL UP AHEAD  
THAR, AMUK!



**SECONDS LATER---**

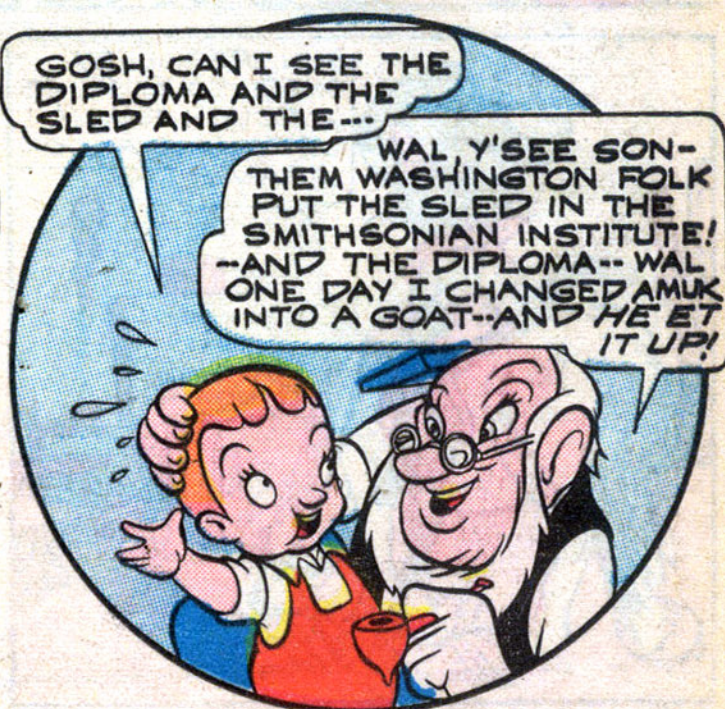
--AND IN--AH--RECOGNITION OF YOUR ASTOUNDING FEAT, WE AWARD YOU THIS DIPLOMA FOR YOUR--ER--DAREDEVIL DRIVE FROM DAWSON!

HOORAY!



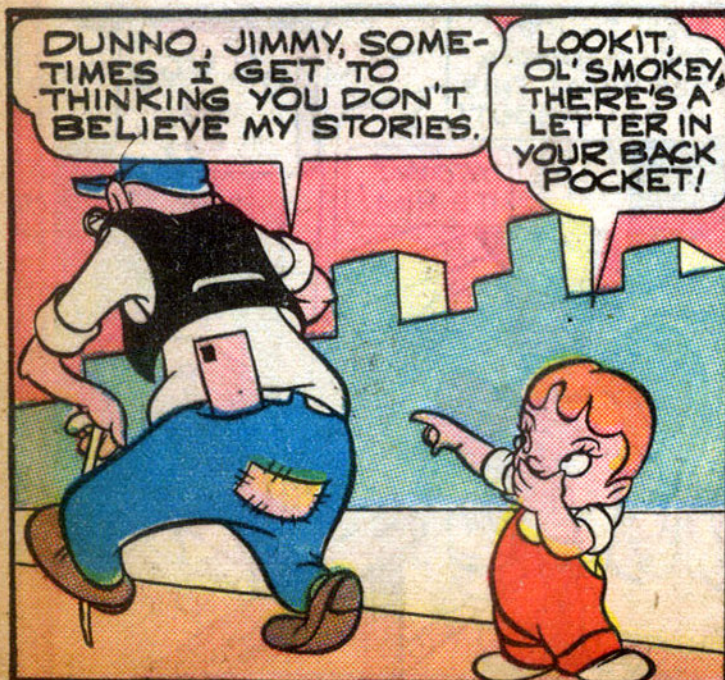
GOSH, CAN I SEE THE DIPLOMA AND THE SLED AND THE...

WAL Y'SEE SON--THEM WASHINGTON FOLK PUT THE SLED IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE! --AND THE DIPLOMA-- WAL ONE DAY I CHANGED AMUK INTO A GOAT--AND HE ET IT UP!

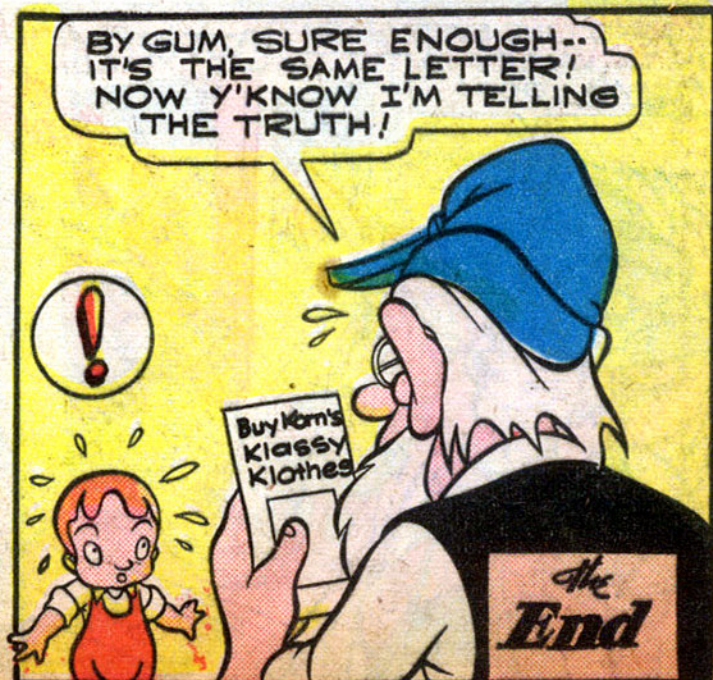


DUNNO, JIMMY, SOMETIMES I GET TO THINKING YOU DON'T BELIEVE MY STORIES.

LOOKIT, OL' SMOKEY, THERE'S A LETTER IN YOUR BACK POCKET!



BY GUM, SURE ENOUGH--IT'S THE SAME LETTER! NOW Y'KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!



*The End*

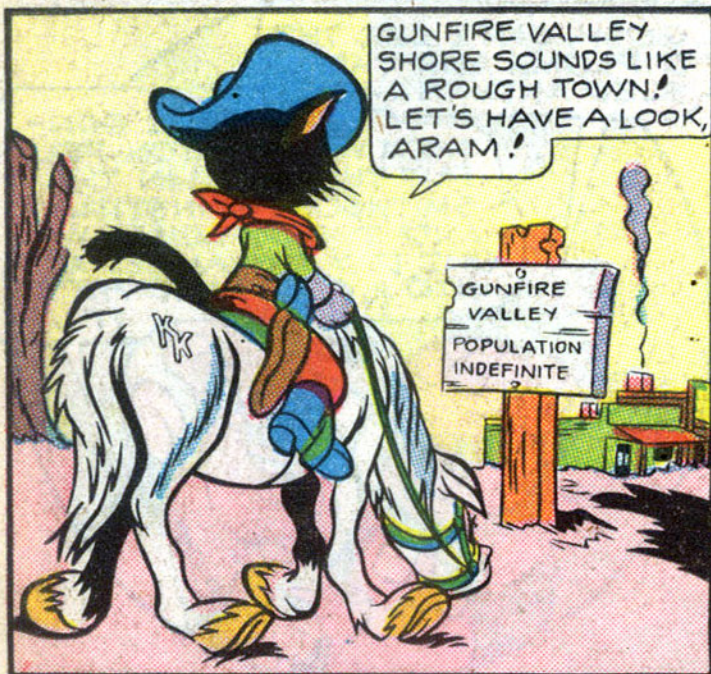


# KAT KARSON

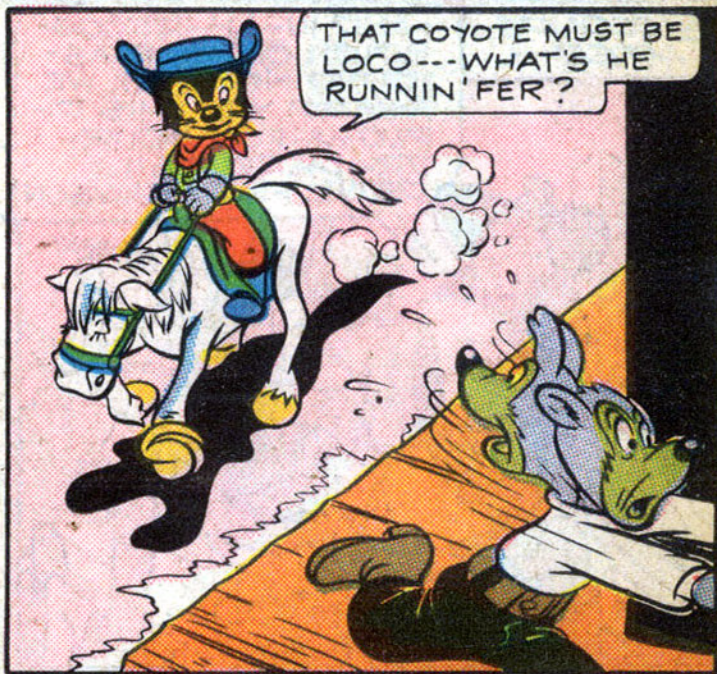
IT'S SILVER DOLLAR DAN,  
AND HE'S LEAVIN' A TRAIL  
WE CAN'T AFFORD  
TO MISS!



GUNFIRE VALLEY  
SHORE SOUNDS LIKE  
A ROUGH TOWN!  
LET'S HAVE A LOOK,  
ARAM!

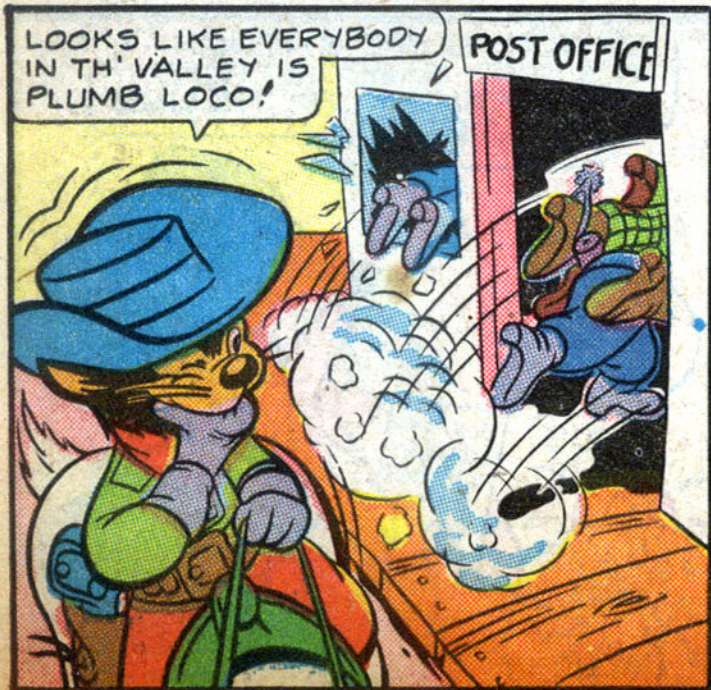


THAT COYOTE MUST BE  
LOCO---WHAT'S HE  
RUNNIN' FER?



LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY  
IN TH' VALLEY IS  
PLUMB LOCO!

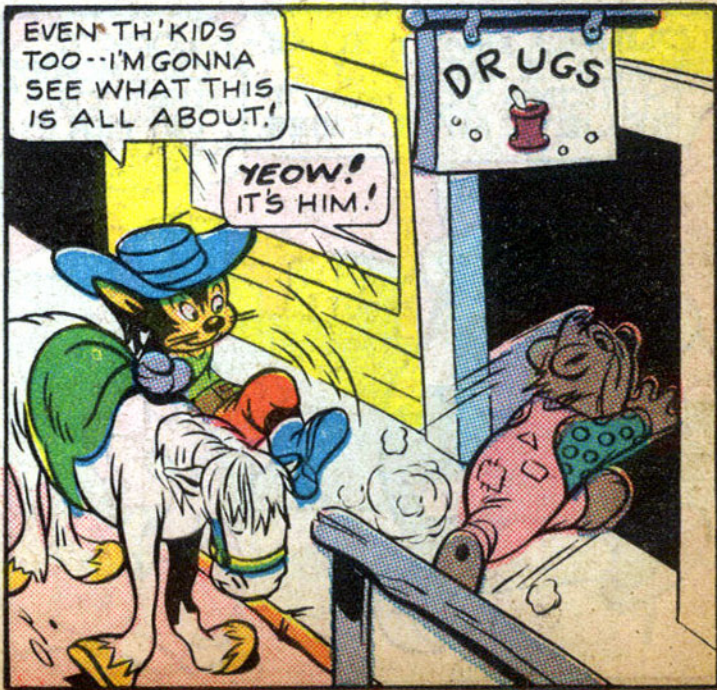
POST OFFICE



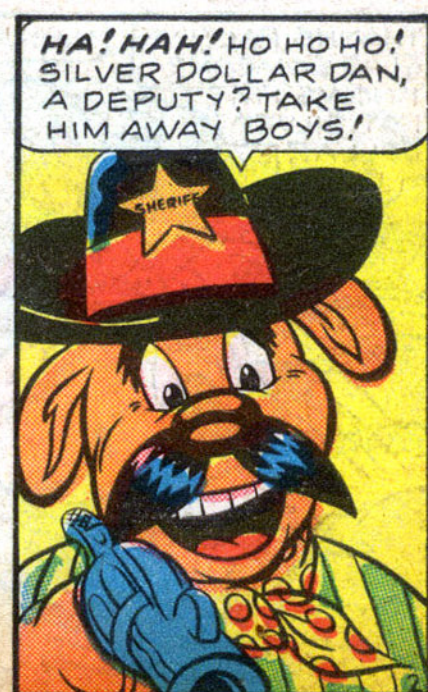
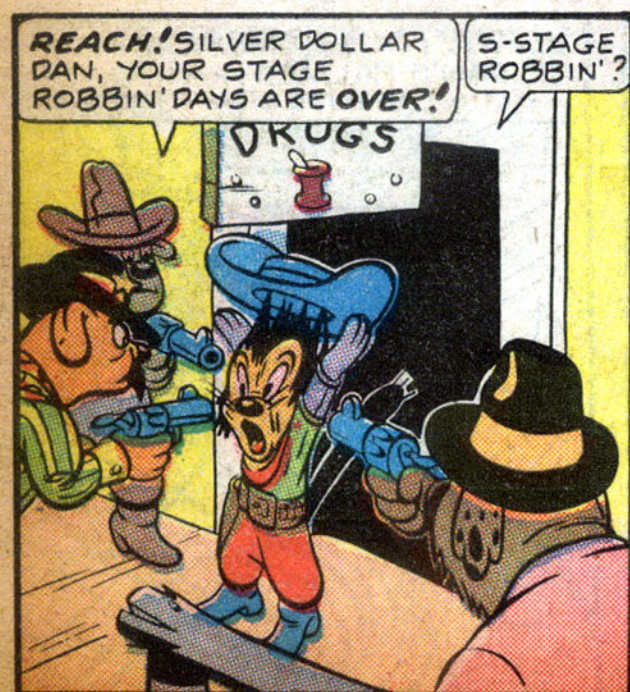
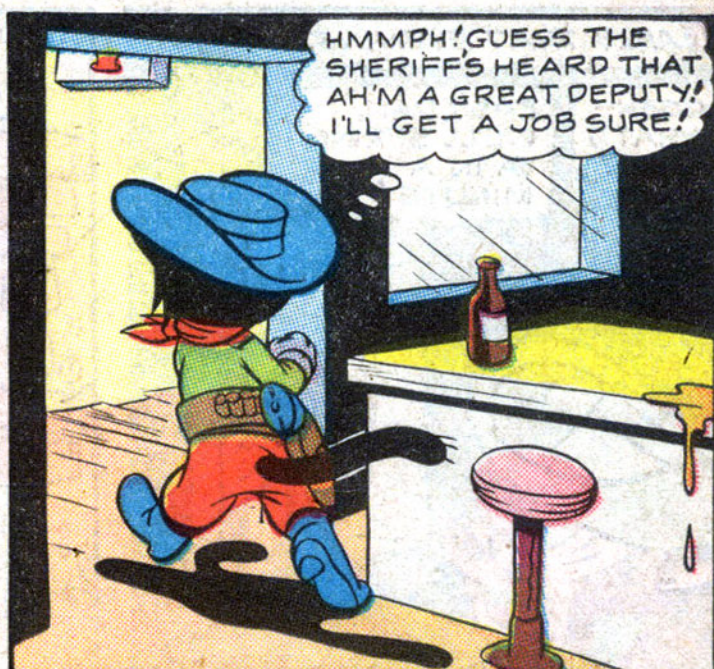
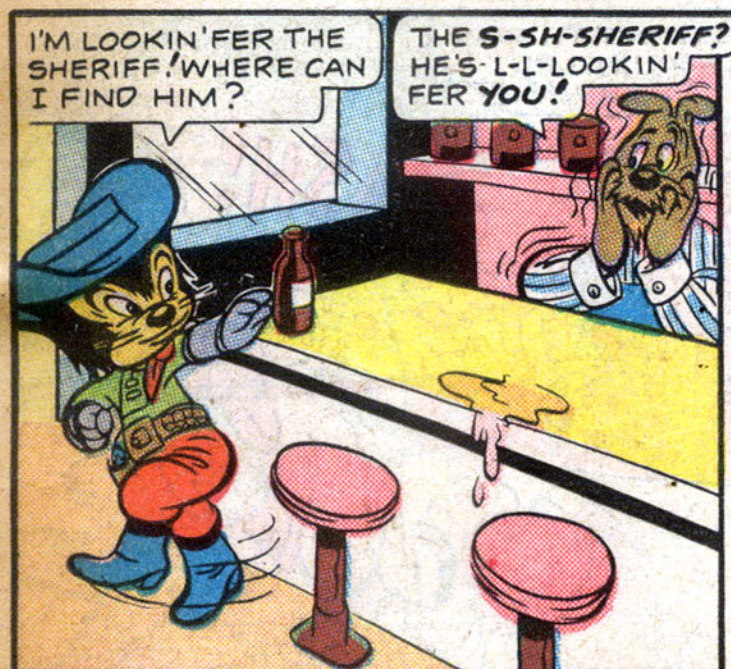
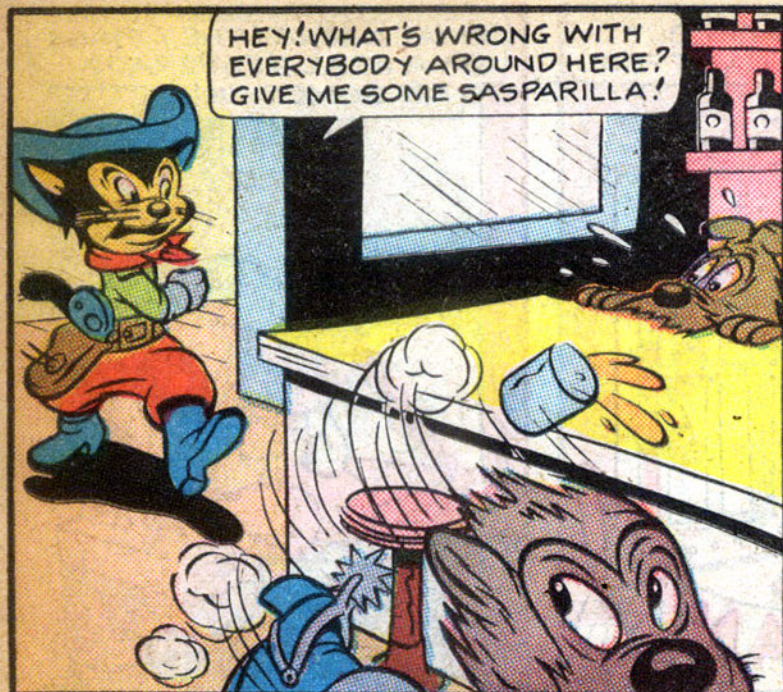
EVEN TH' KIDS  
TOO--I'M GONNA  
SEE WHAT THIS  
IS ALL ABOUT!

YEOW!  
IT'S HIM!

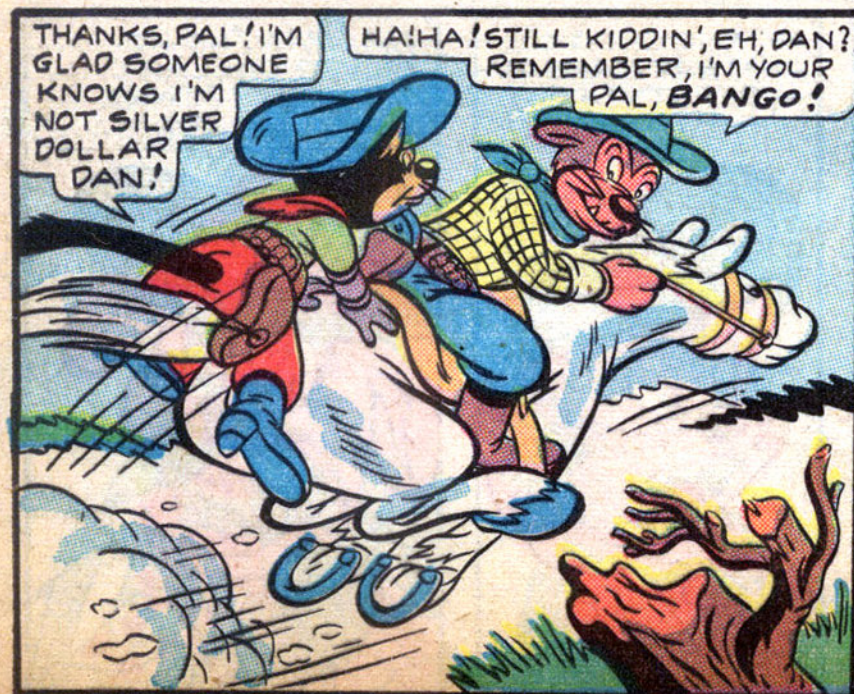
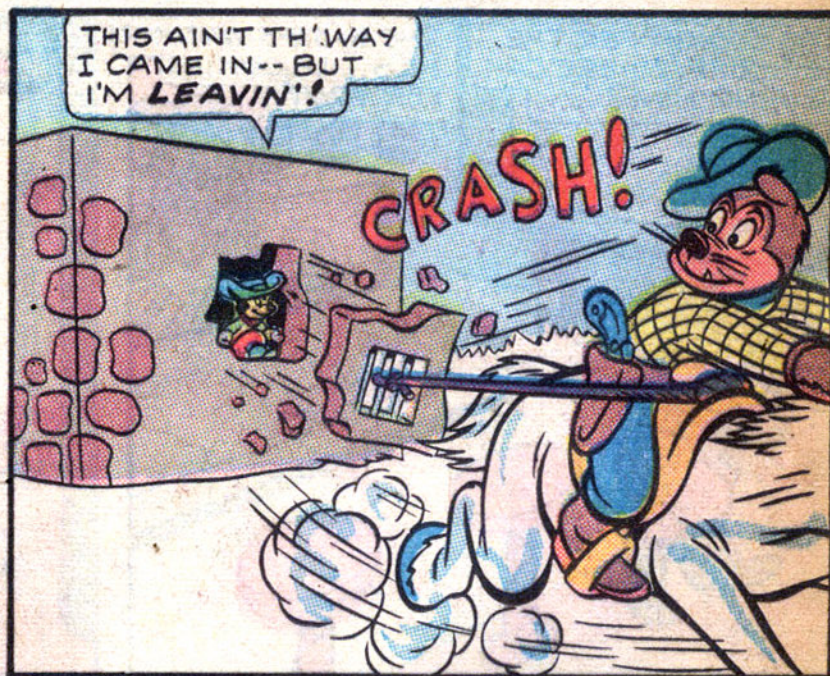
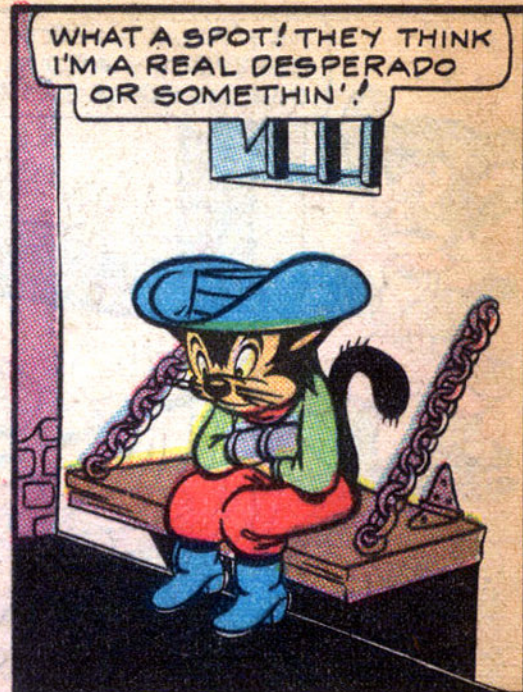
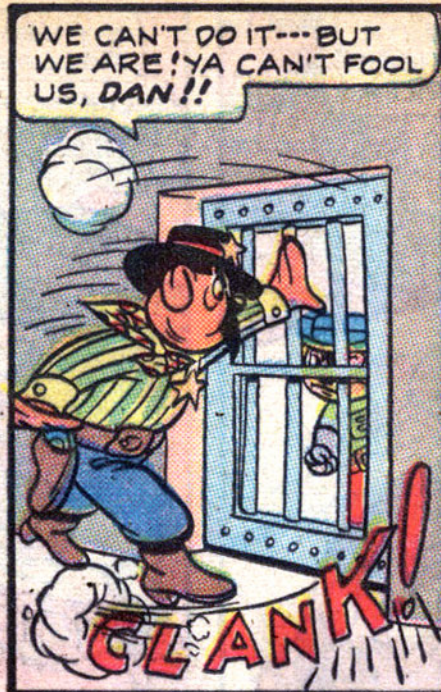
DRUGS







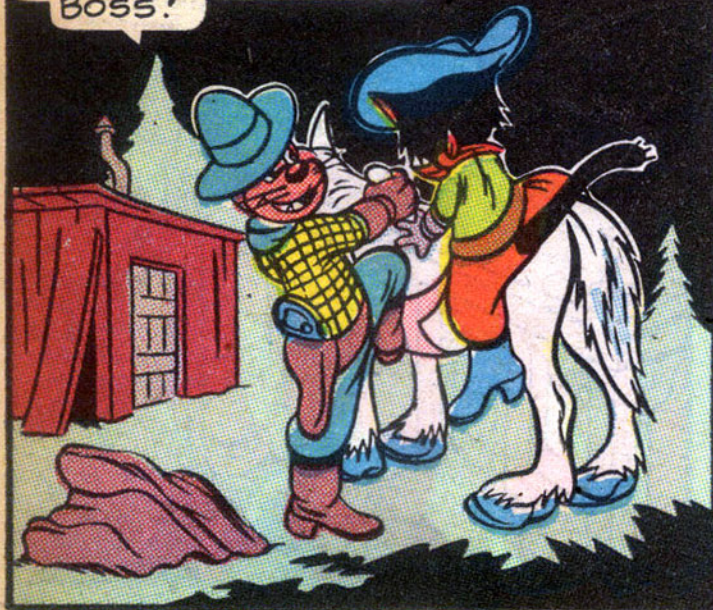






LET'S GET OFF AND  
REST AT THE HIDEOUT,  
BOSS!

OKAY, I---



HA! HA! BOSS, IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU  
WAS DAN, I'D THINK YOU WAS A  
**TENDERFOOT!**

YEH! I'M TENDER---  
BUT NOT MY **FOOT!**

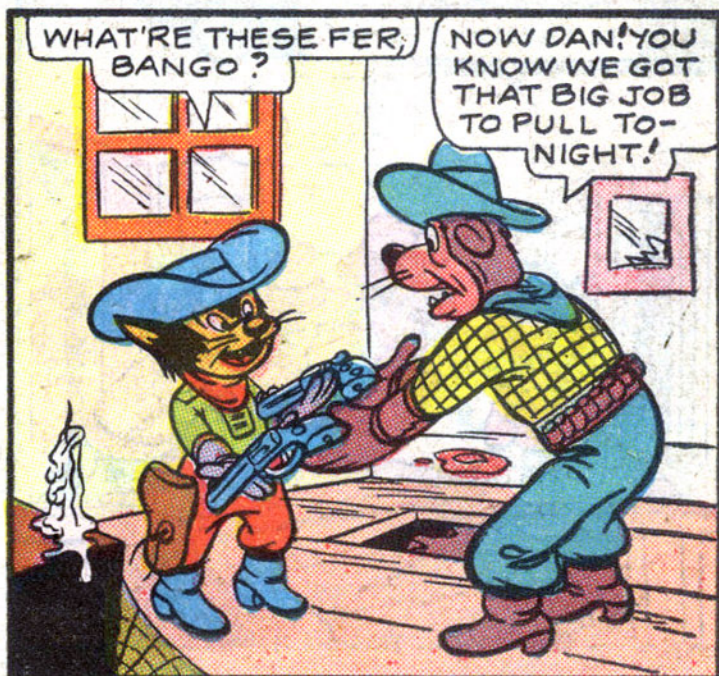


YER SOME CARD, BOSS!  
COME ON IN!



WHAT'RE THESE FER,  
BANGO?

NOW DAN! YOU  
KNOW WE GOT  
THAT BIG JOB  
TO PULL TO-  
NIGHT!



OH YEAH! TH' BIG  
JOB! MEBBE I  
KIN DO SOME  
DEPUTY-IN' HERE,  
IF I PLAY SMART  
--- AN' FER ME--

--IT OUGHTA BE  
EASY! **LET'S GO!**

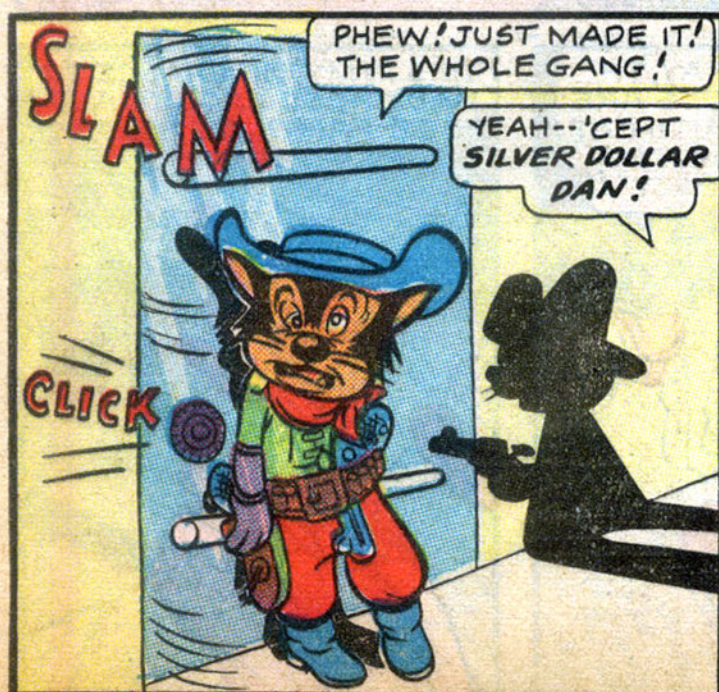
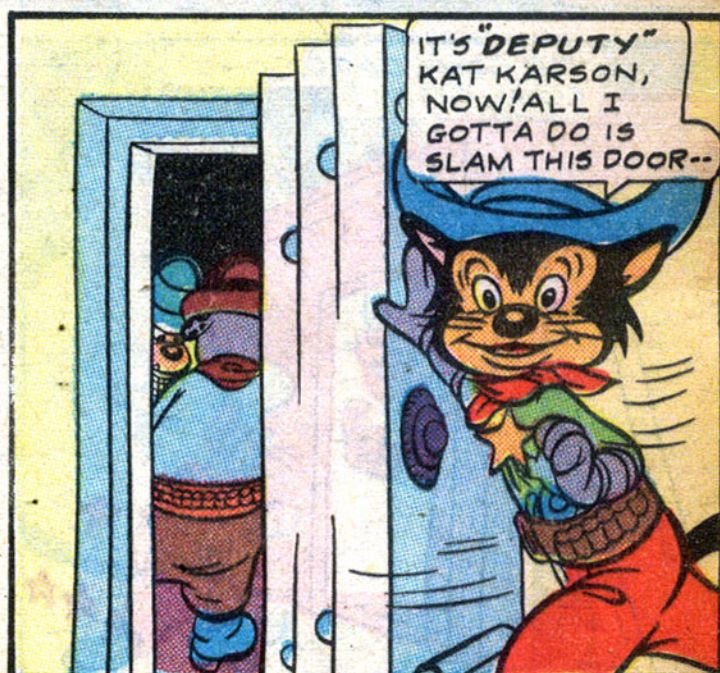
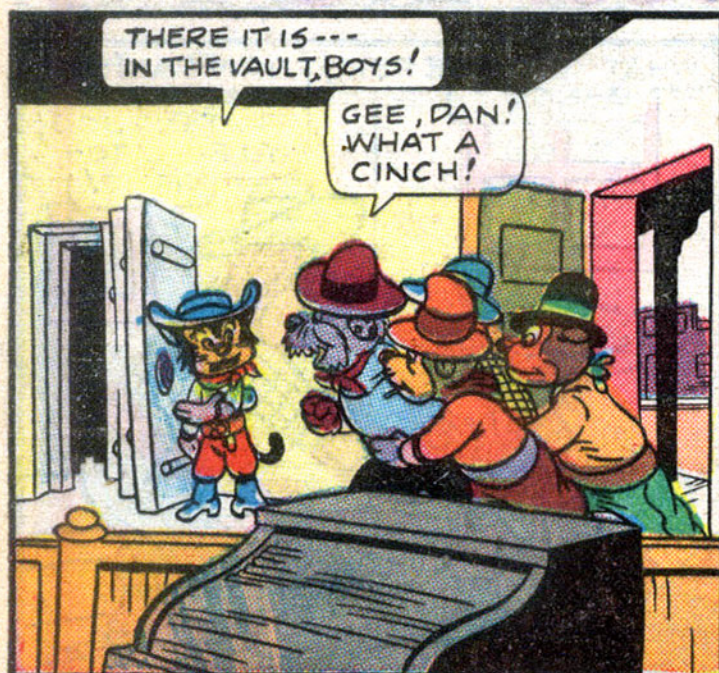
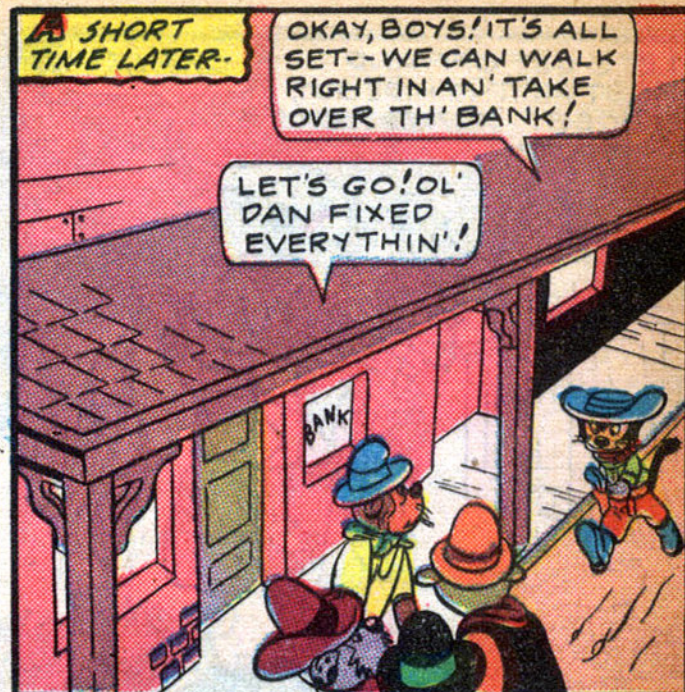
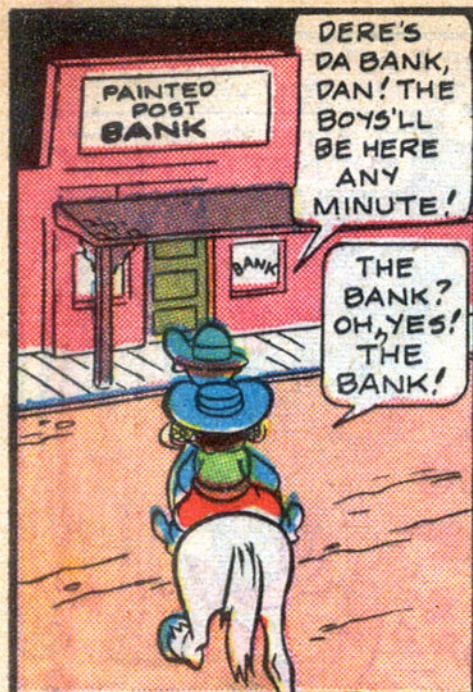
OKAY, TH'  
BOYS ARE  
WAITIN' AT  
"PAINTED  
POST"!



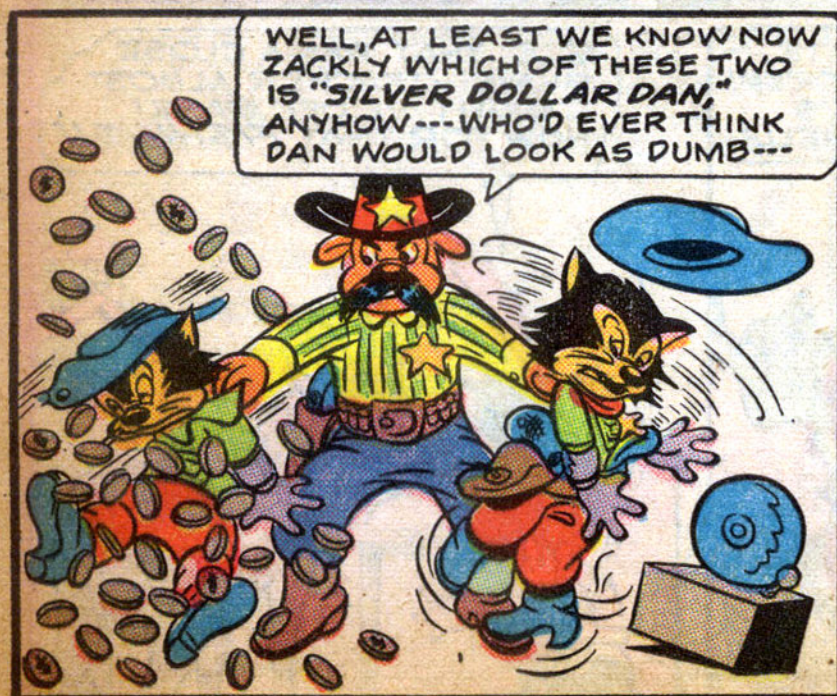
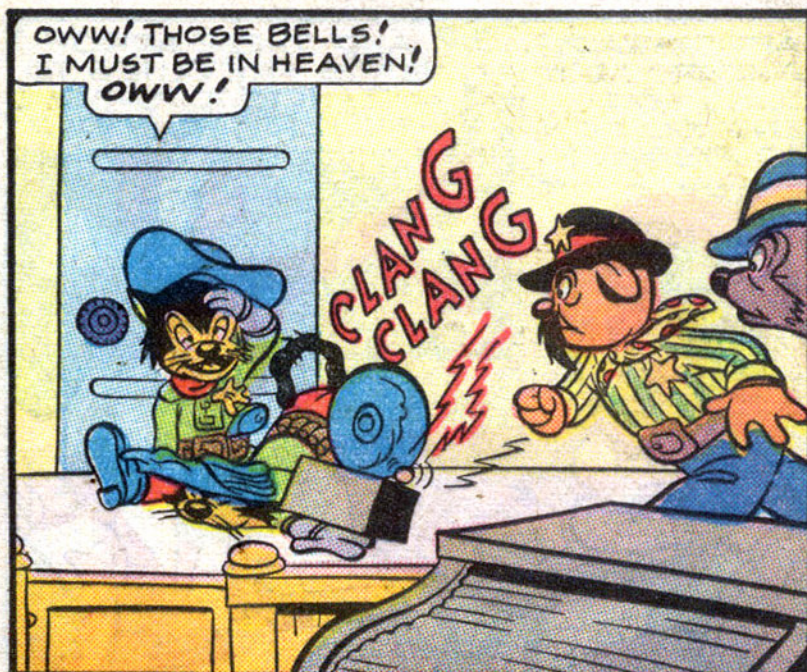
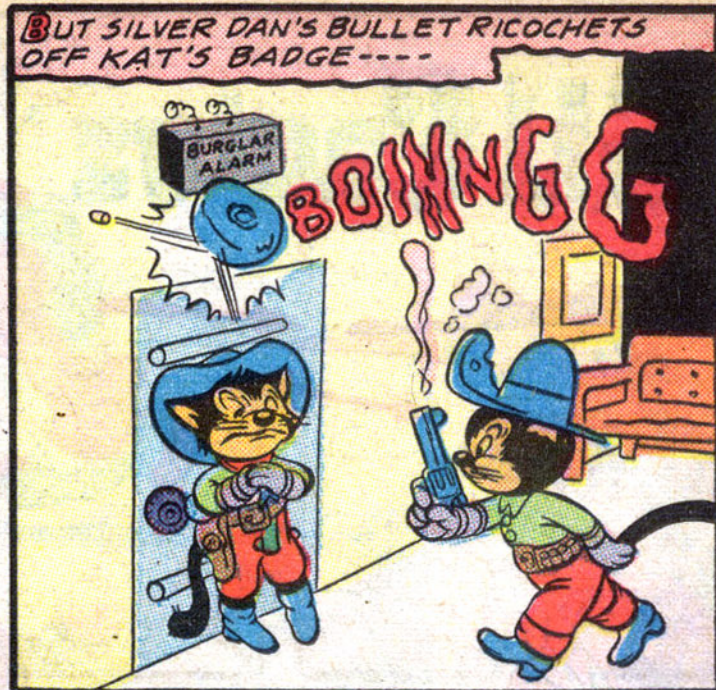
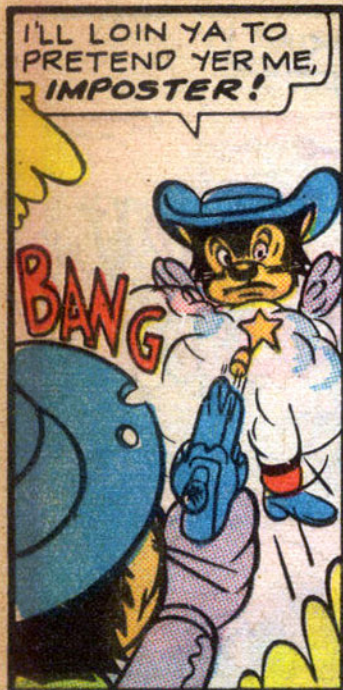
THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE TO  
NAB THESE CROOKS AND  
BE **FAMOUS!**







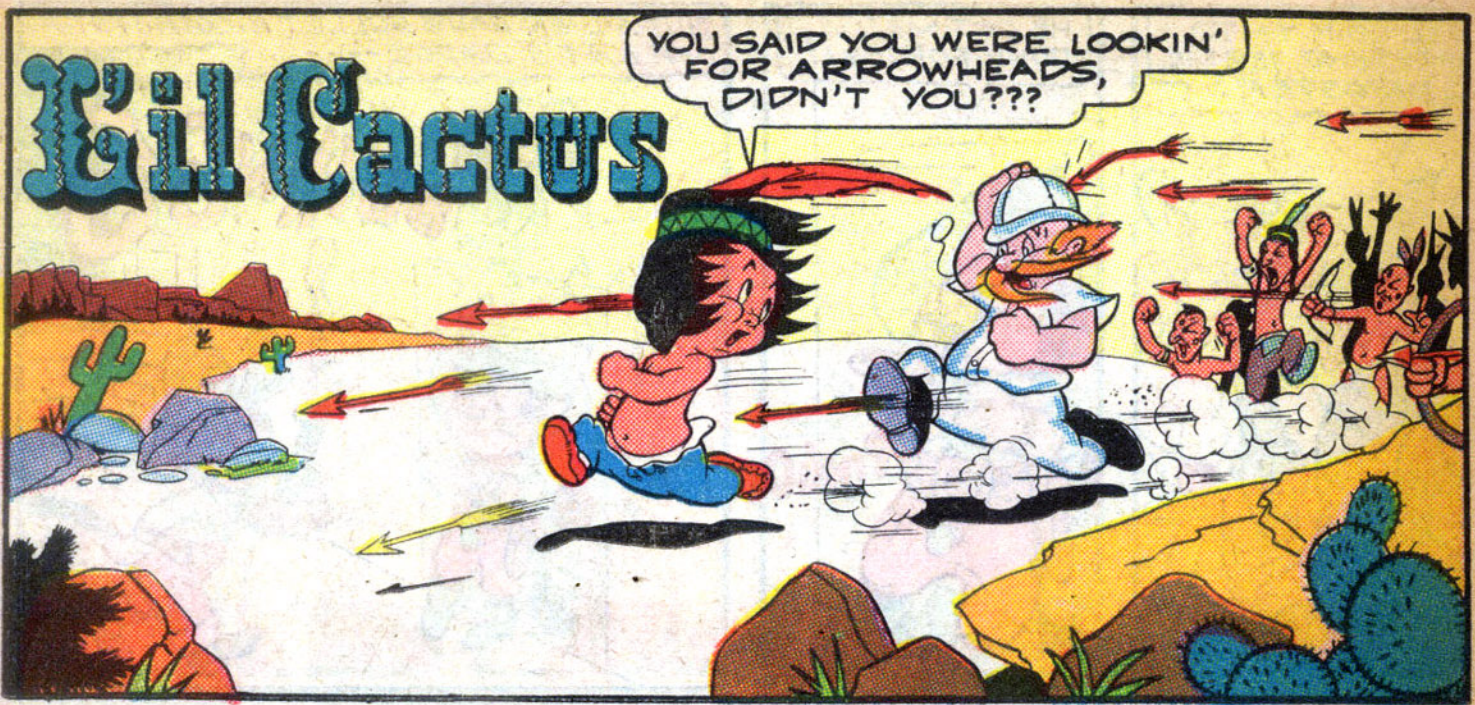






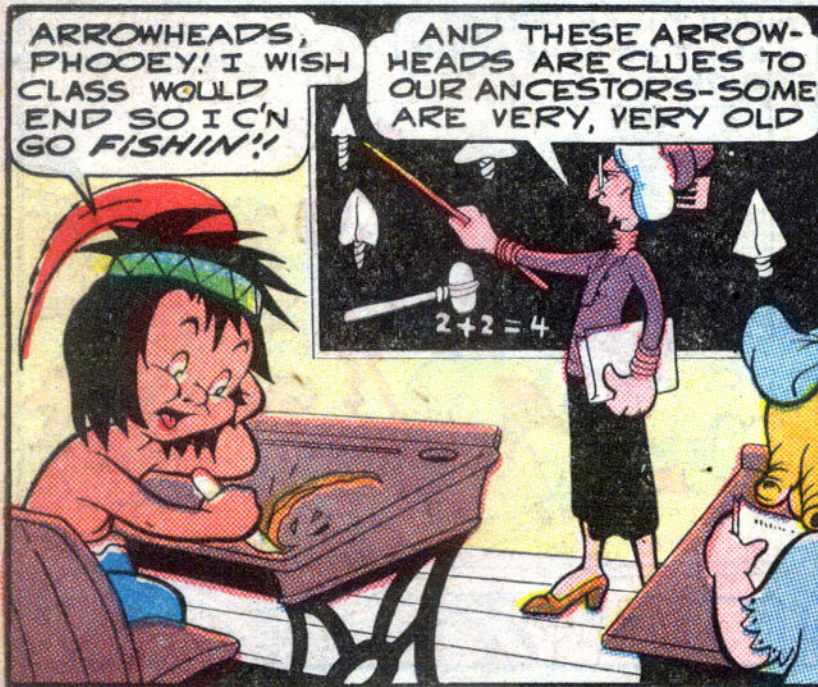
# Bill Cactus

YOU SAID YOU WERE LOOKIN' FOR ARROWHEADS, DIDN'T YOU???



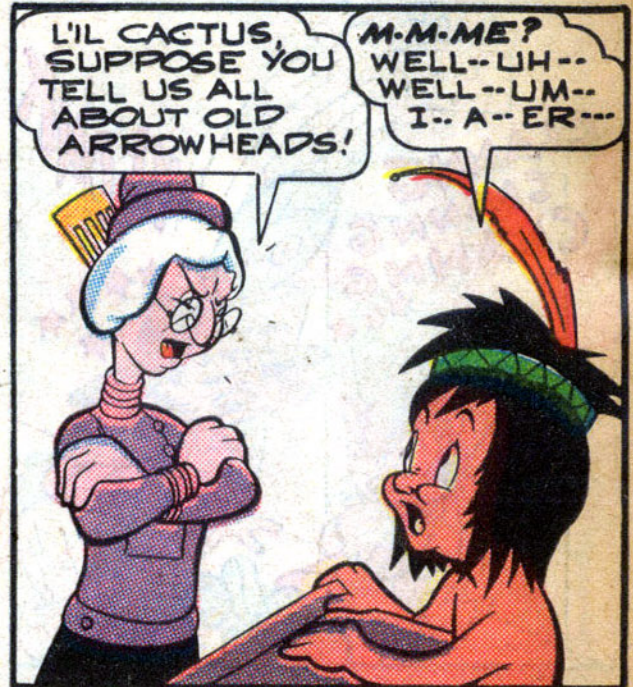
ARROWHEADS, PHOOEY! I WISH CLASS WOULD END SO I C'N GO FISHIN'!!

AND THESE ARROWHEADS ARE CLUES TO OUR ANCESTORS--SOME ARE VERY, VERY OLD



L'IL CACTUS, SUPPOSE YOU TELL US ALL ABOUT OLD ARROWHEADS!

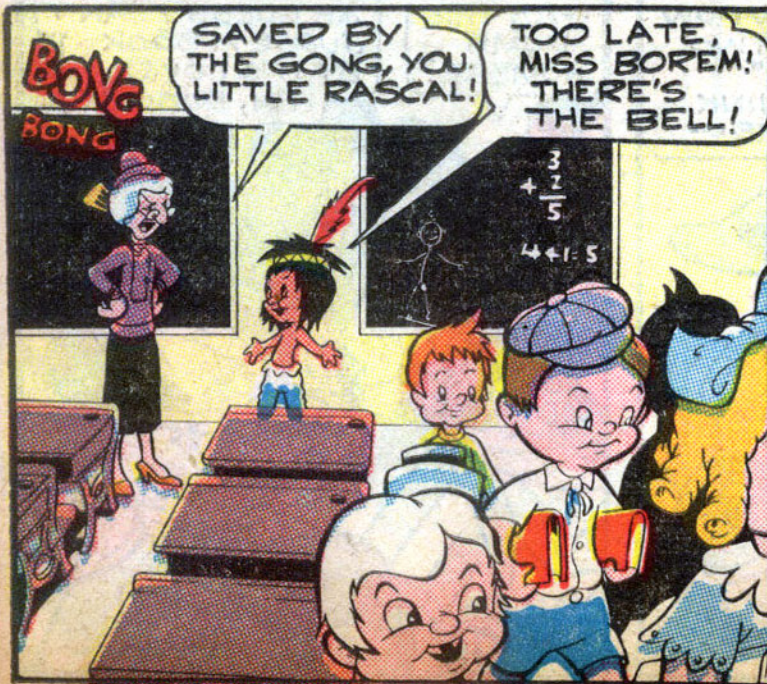
M-M-ME? WELL--UH-- WELL--UM-- I-- A--ER--



BOV  
BONG

SAVED BY THE GONG, YOU LITTLE RASCAL!

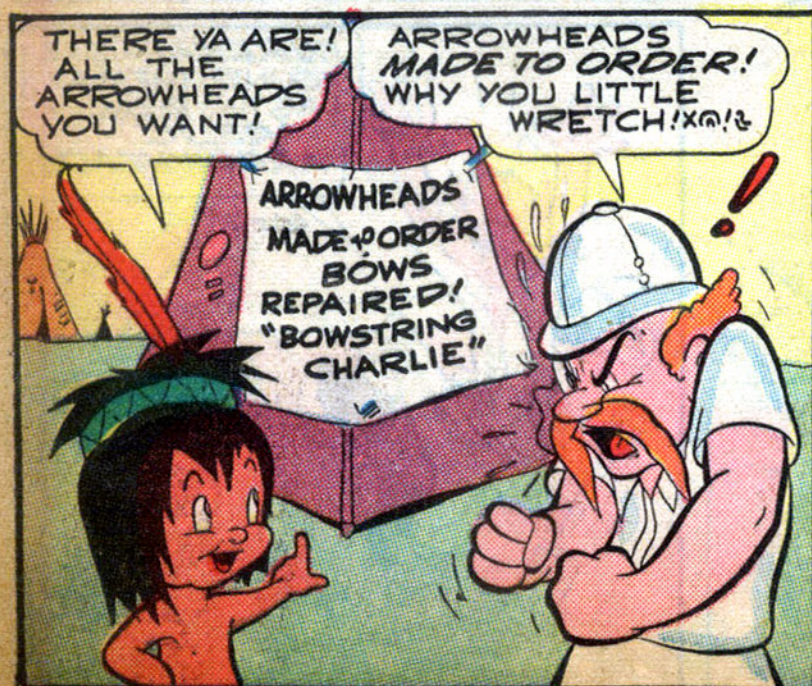
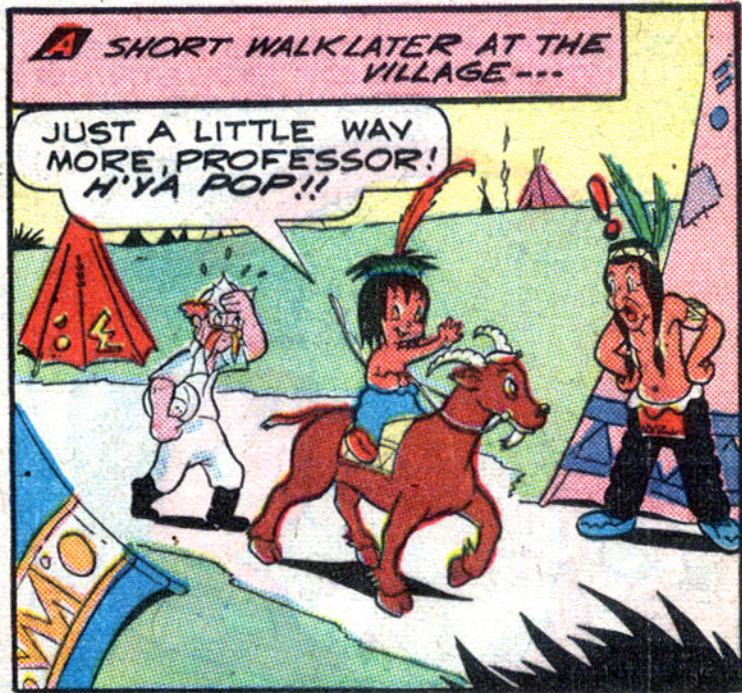
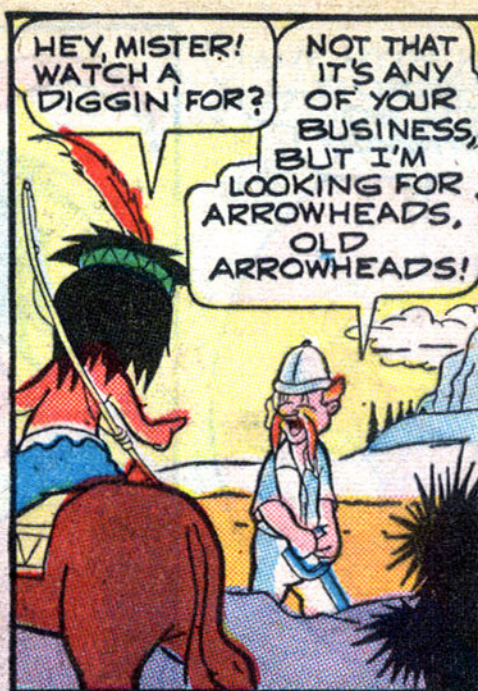
TOO LATE, MISS BOREM! THERE'S THE BELL!



GEE, THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE---TEACHER ALMOST CAUGHT ME OFF BASE! NOW FOR THAT FISHING!!

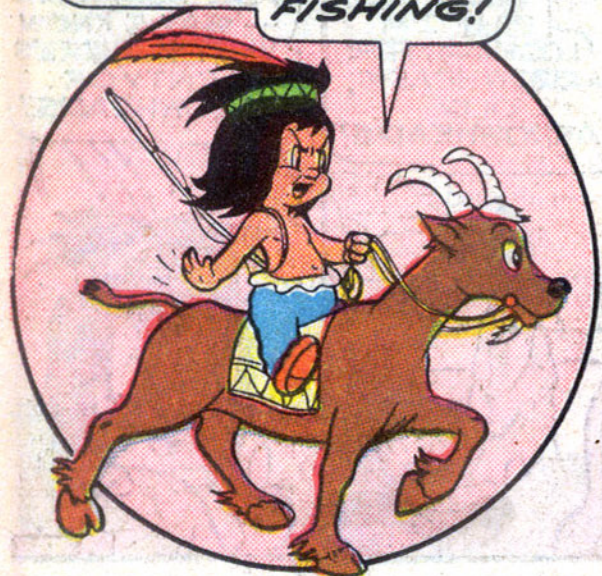




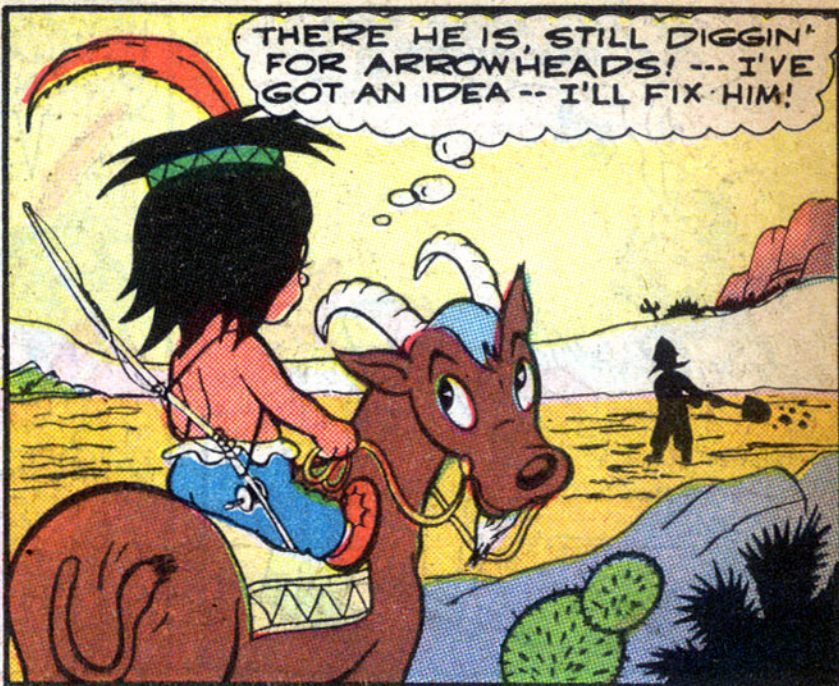




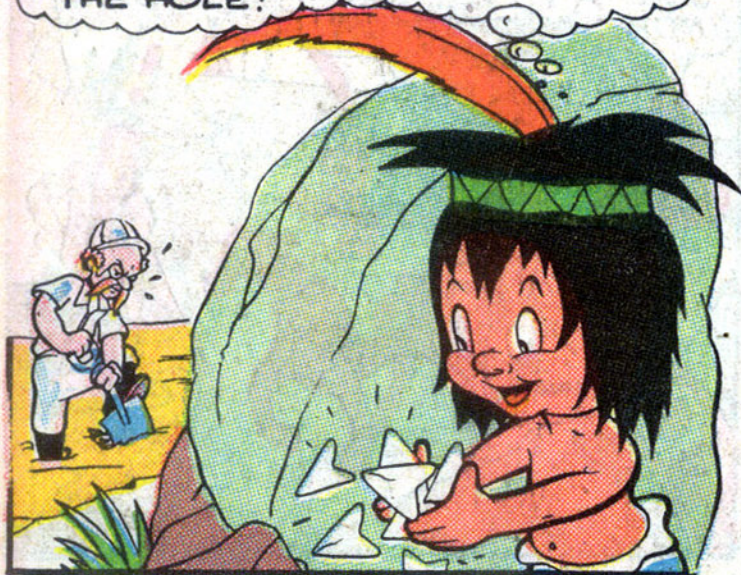
I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT  
MEAN PROFESSOR---  
BUT FIRST I'LL GO  
FISHING!



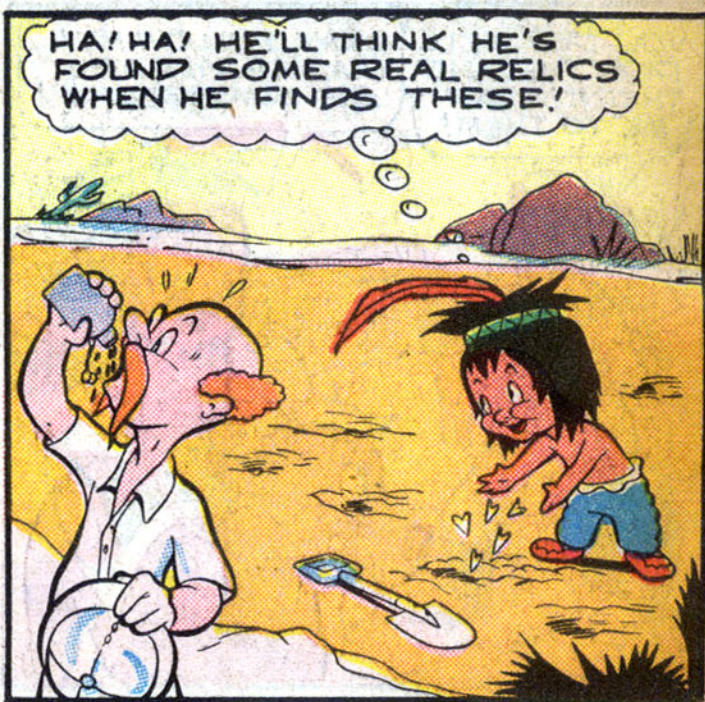
THERE HE IS, STILL DIGGIN'  
FOR ARROWHEADS! --- I'VE  
GOT AN IDEA -- I'LL FIX HIM!



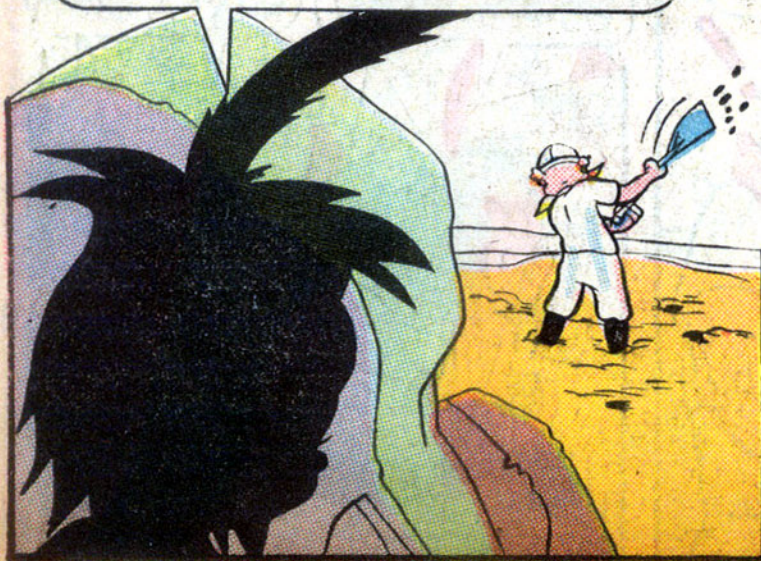
AS SOON AS HE TAKES A REST,  
I'LL STICK SOME OF 'BOWSTRING  
CHARLIE'S' ARROWHEADS IN  
THE HOLE!



HA! HA! HE'LL THINK HE'S  
FOUND SOME REAL RELICS  
WHEN HE FINDS THESE!



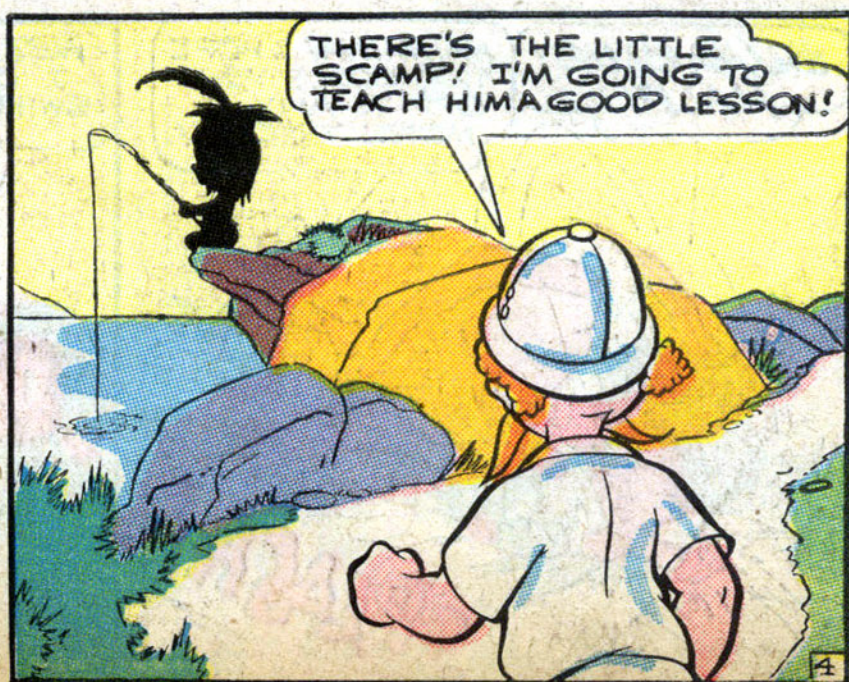
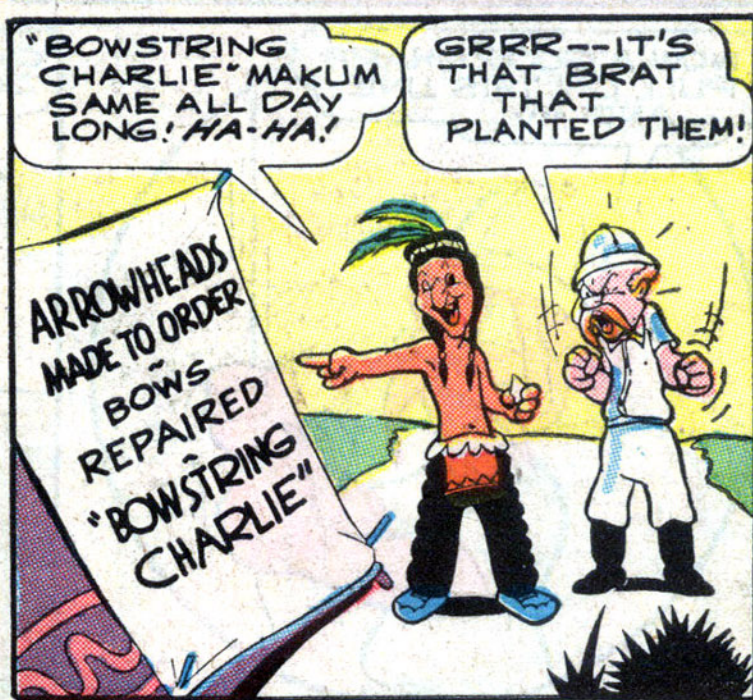
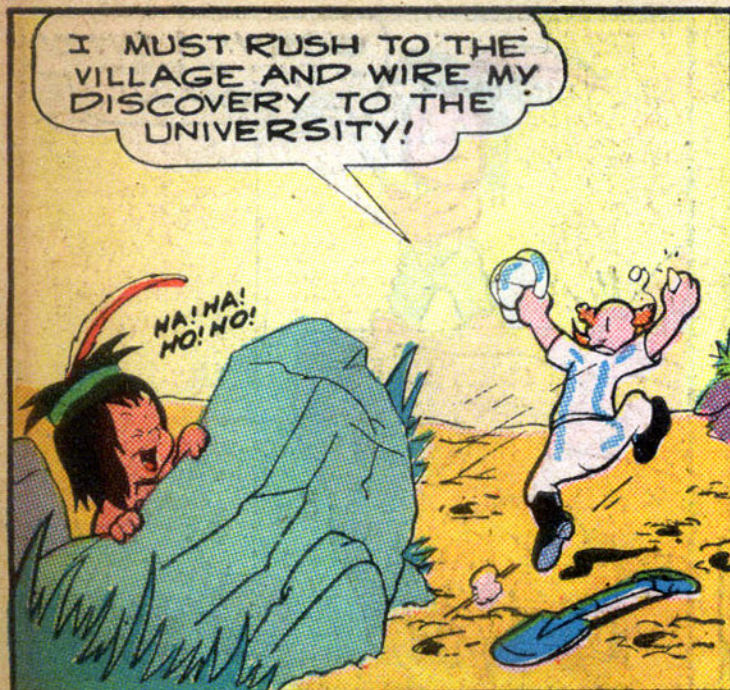
I'LL SHOW HIM SOME REAL  
ARROWHEADS EVEN IF I  
HAVE TO PLANT 'EM! HA! HA!



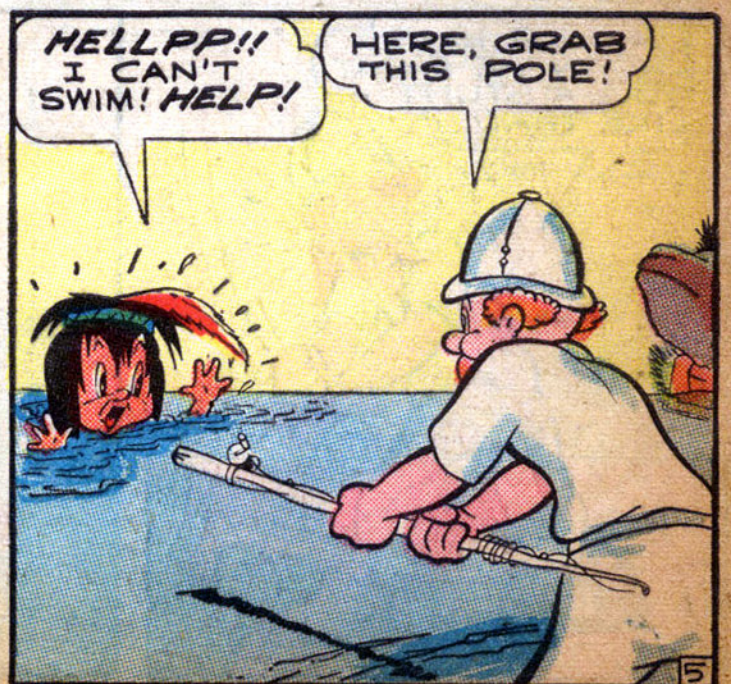
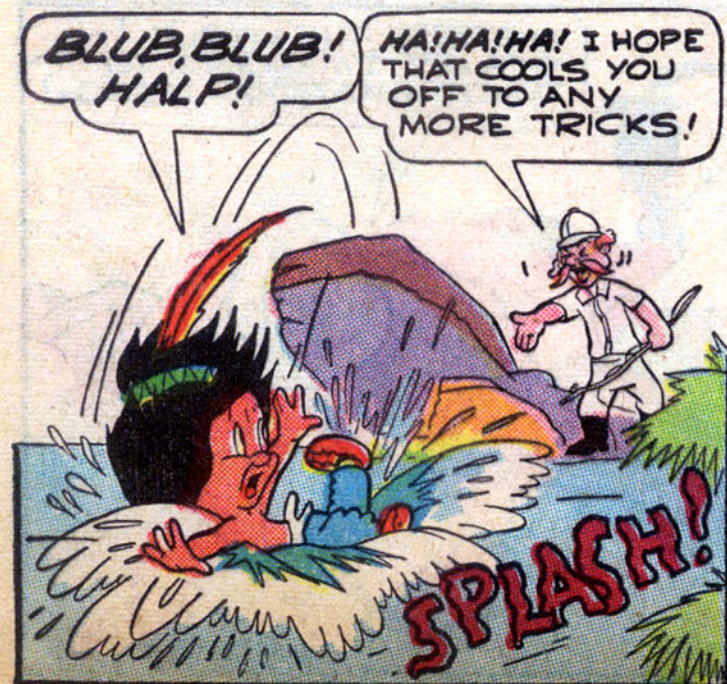
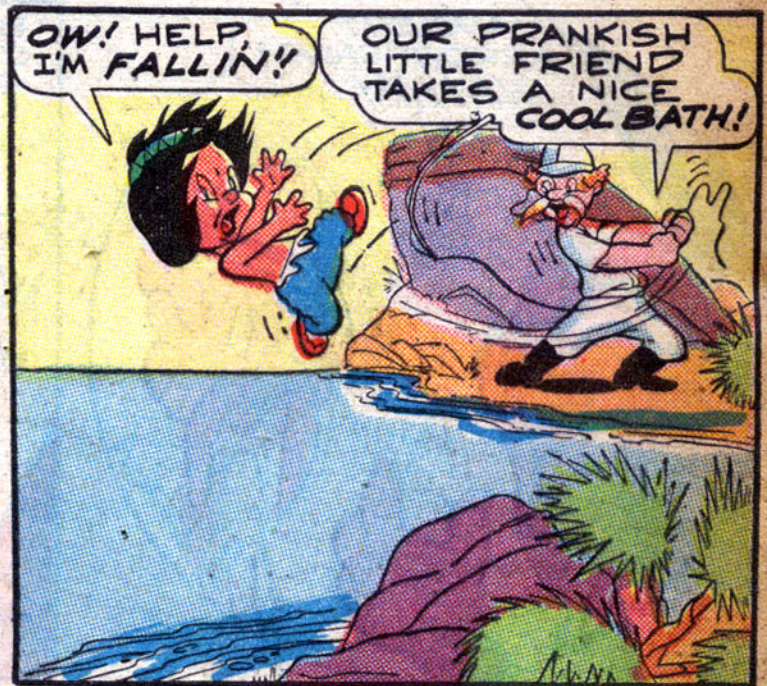
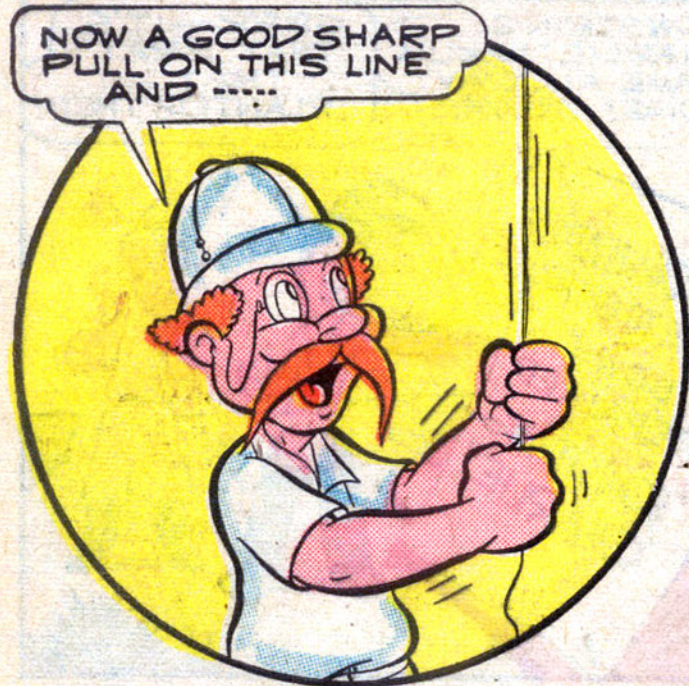
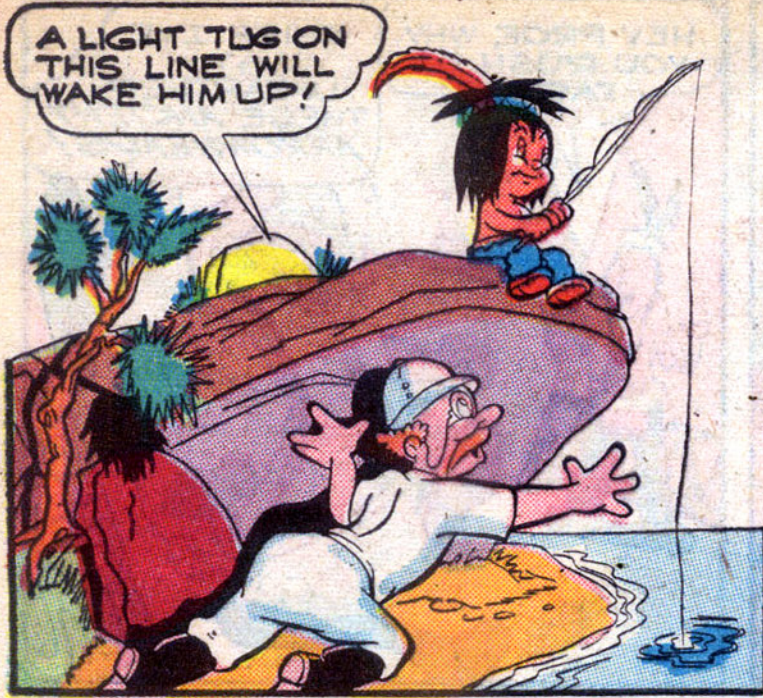
EUREKA!-- I'VE  
FOUND THEM AT  
LAST! REAL  
RELIC  
ARROWHEADS!



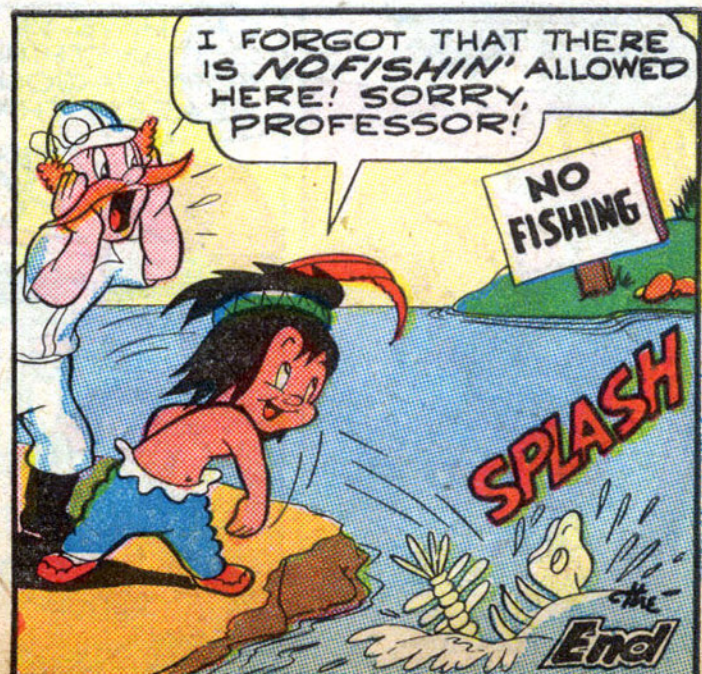
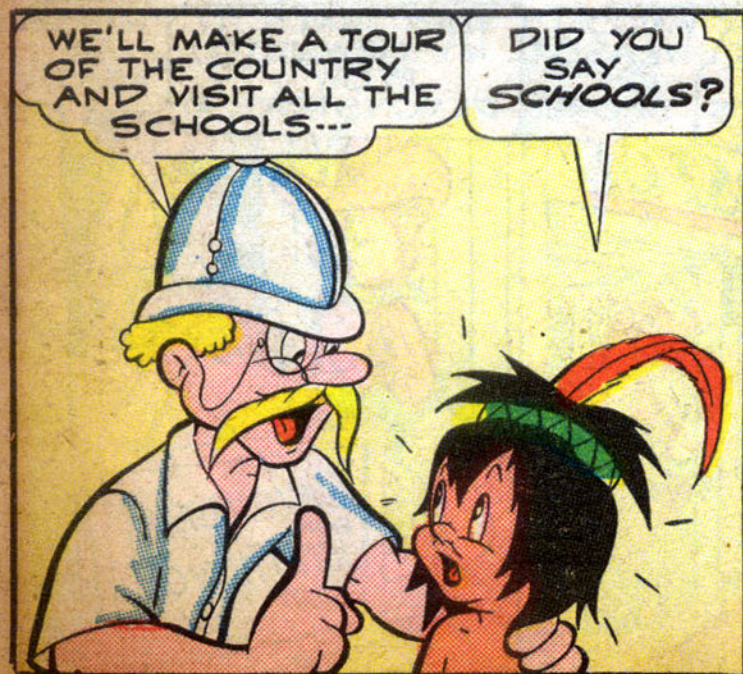
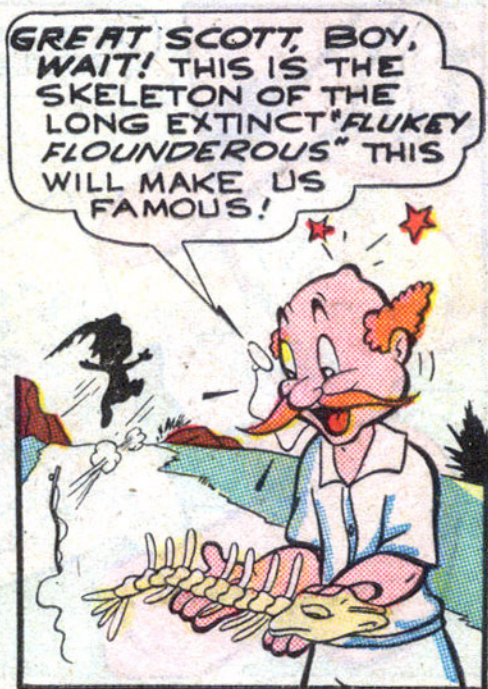
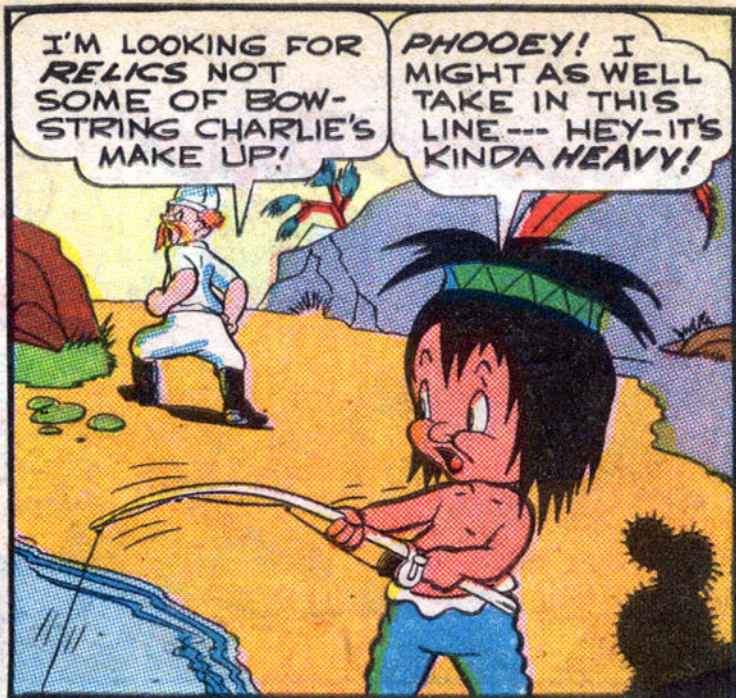








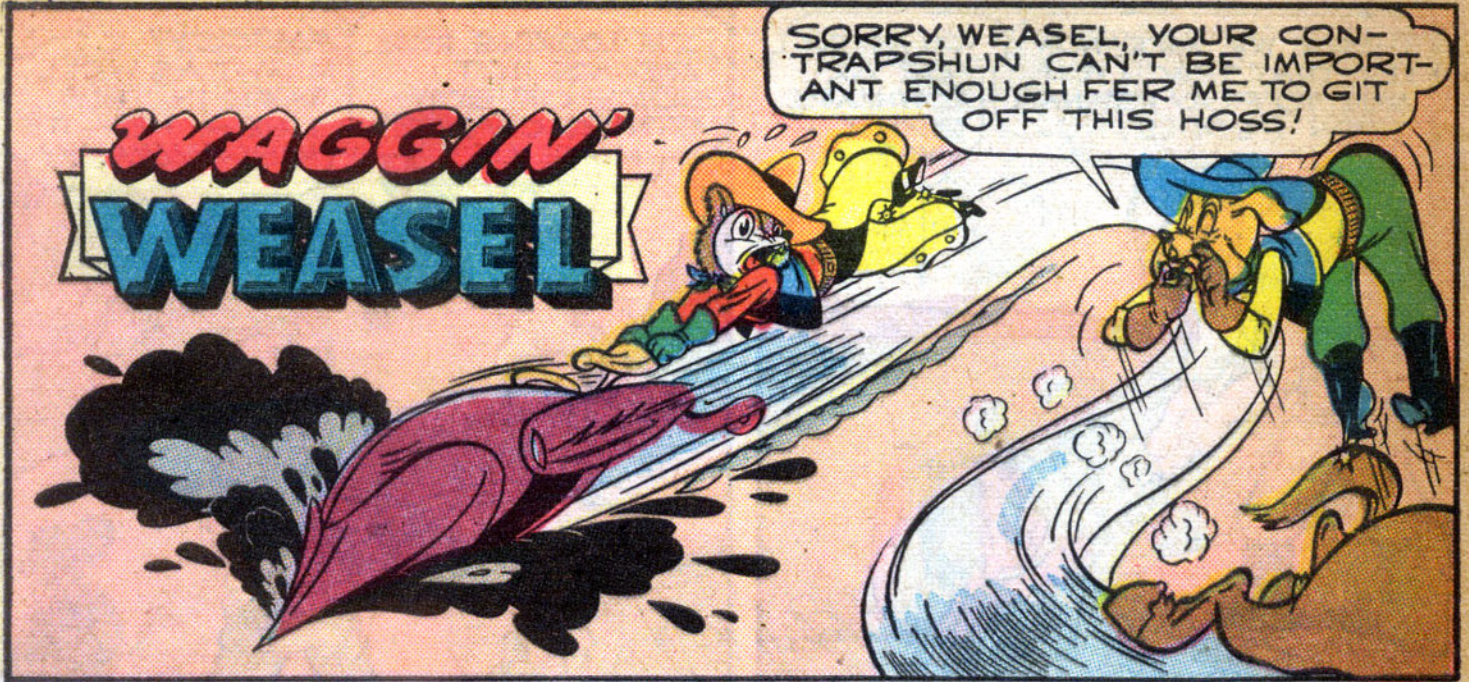






# WAGGIN' WEASEL

SORRY, WEASEL, YOUR CON-TRAPSHUN CAN'T BE IMPORT-ANT ENOUGH FER ME TO GIT OFF THIS HOSS!

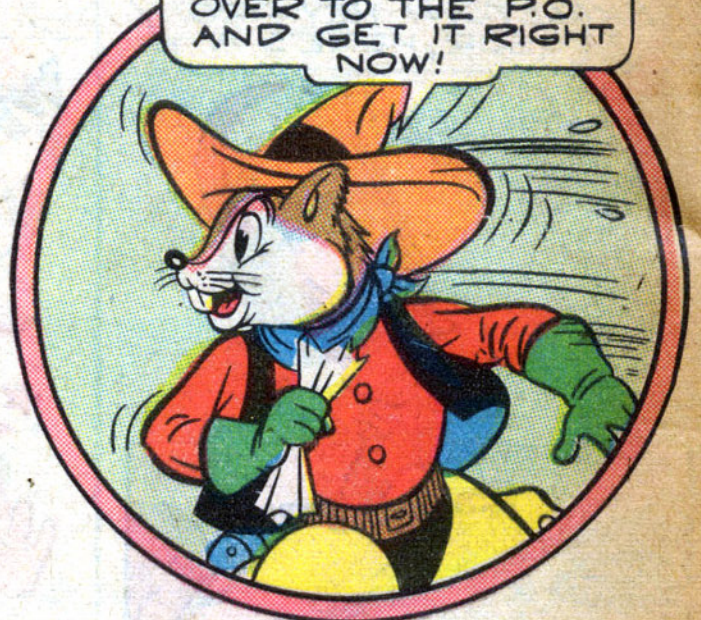


IT'S ARRIVED AT LAST!



"AND OUR DEMONSTRATOR WILL ARRIVE WITH THIS LETTER. GOOD LUCK IN YOUR TERRITORY. YOURS TR JETTO PLOW"

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY OVER TO THE P.O. AND GET IT RIGHT NOW!

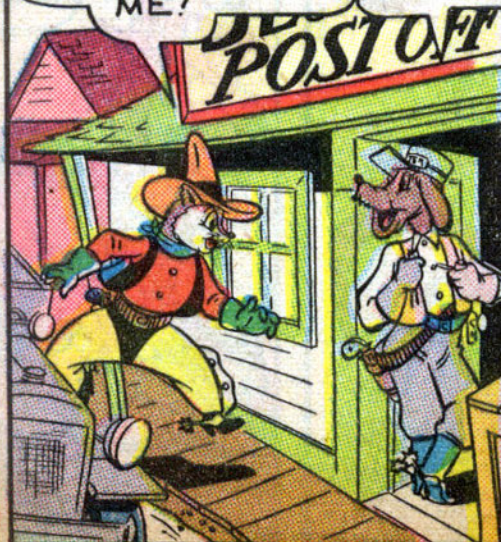
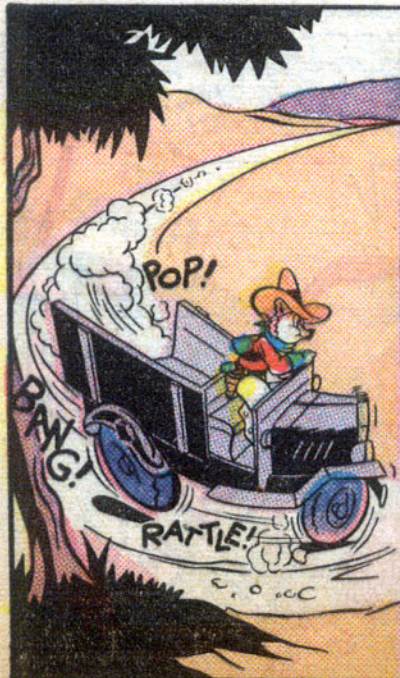


SAY, HAVE YA GOT ANYTHING FOR WAGON WEASEL? THAT'S ME!

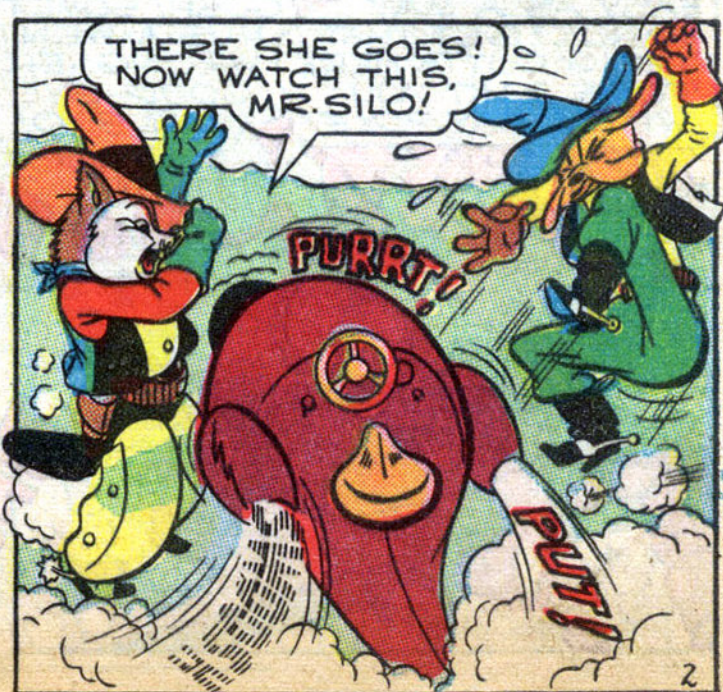
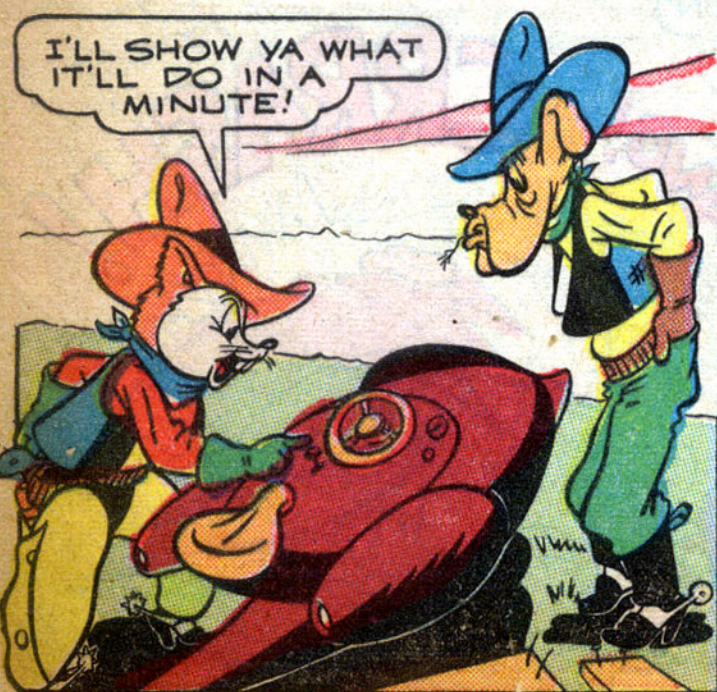
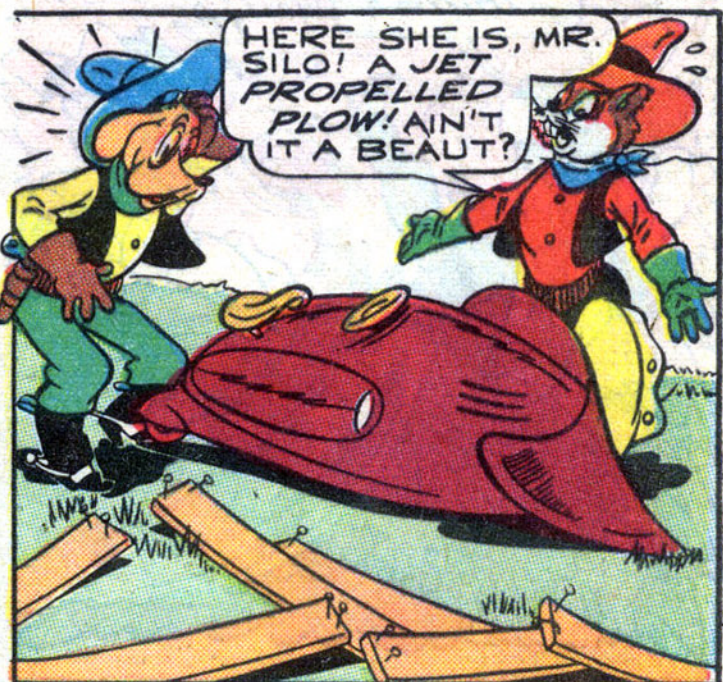
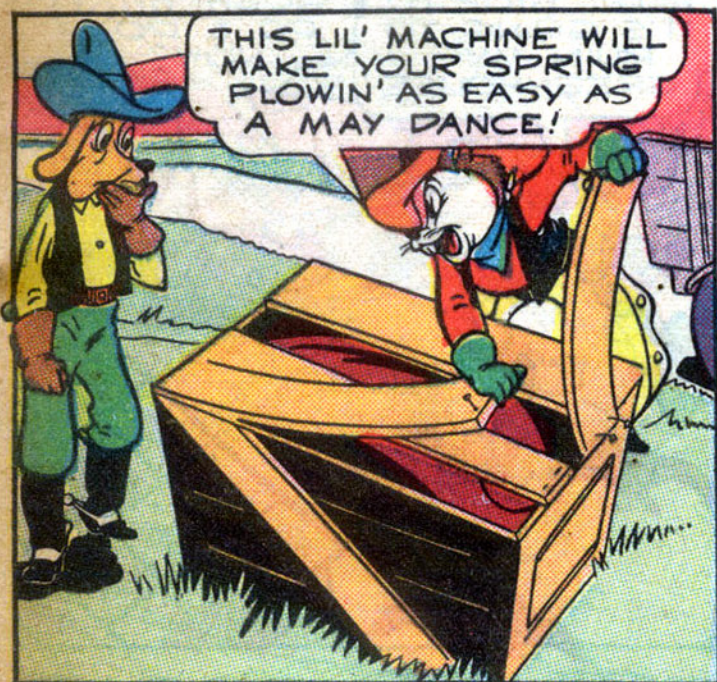
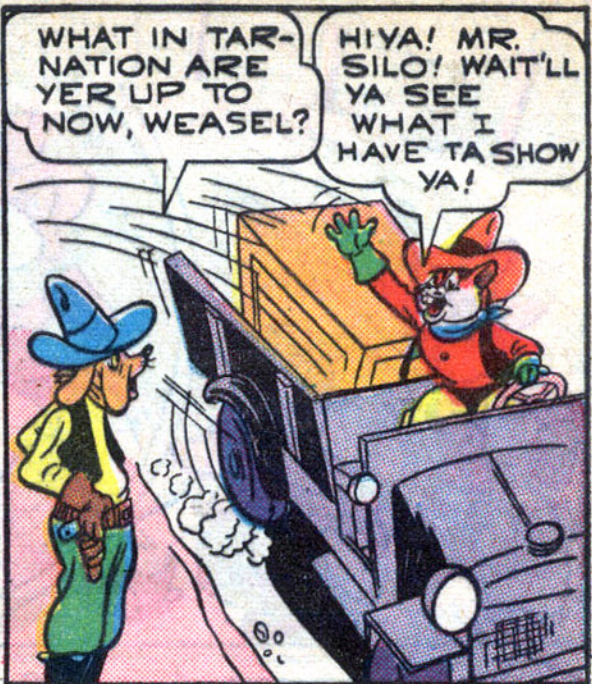
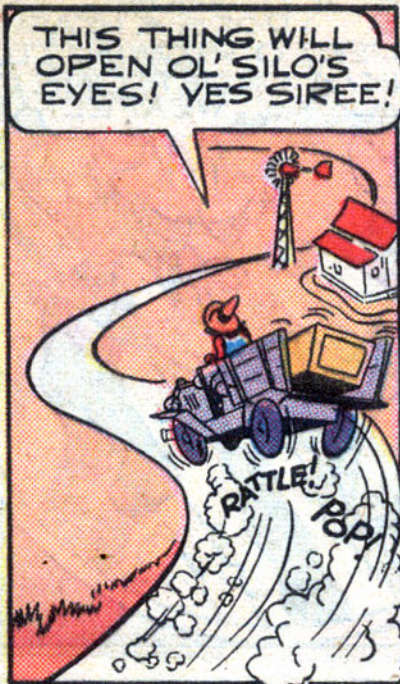
WAGON WEASEL? OH, SHORE!

YUP! THAT'S IT! MY NEW JETTO PLOW DEMONSTRATOR!

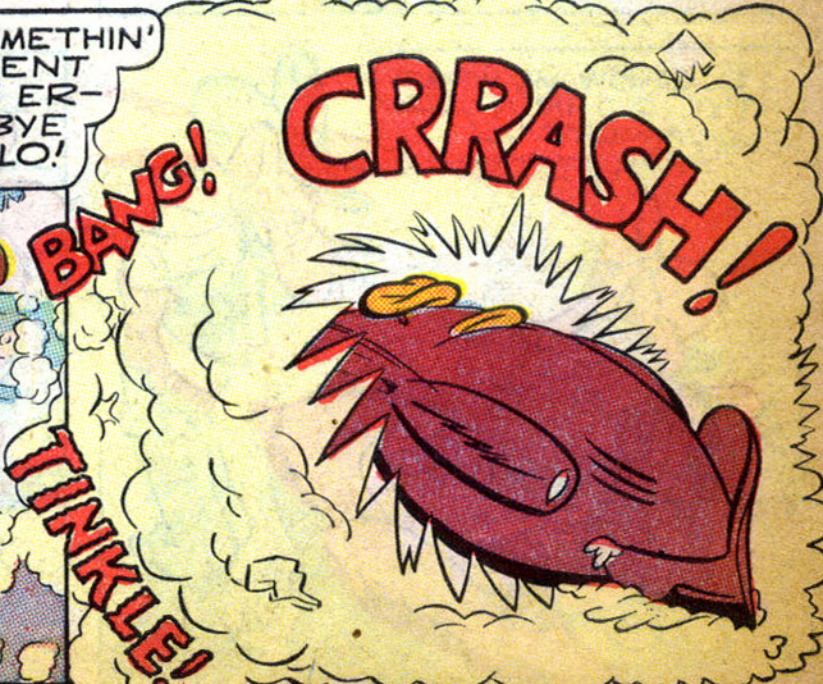
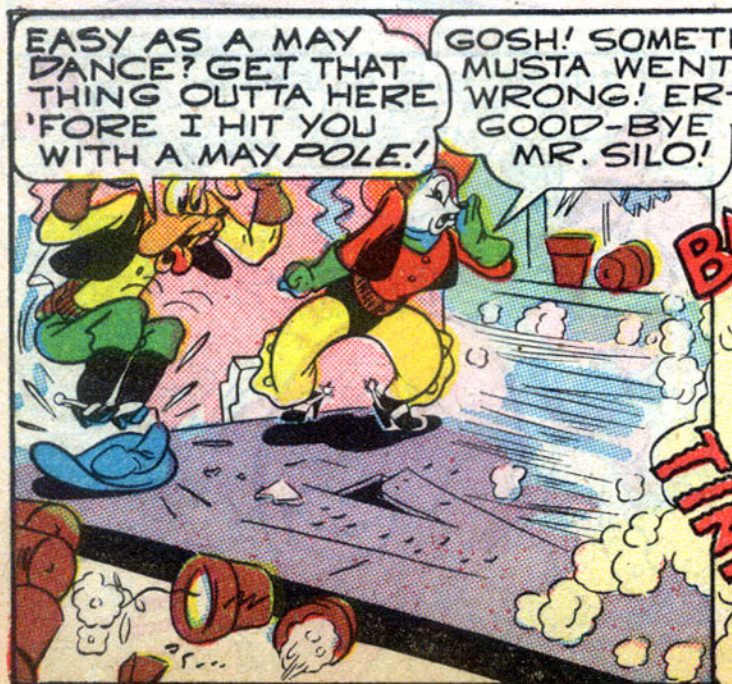
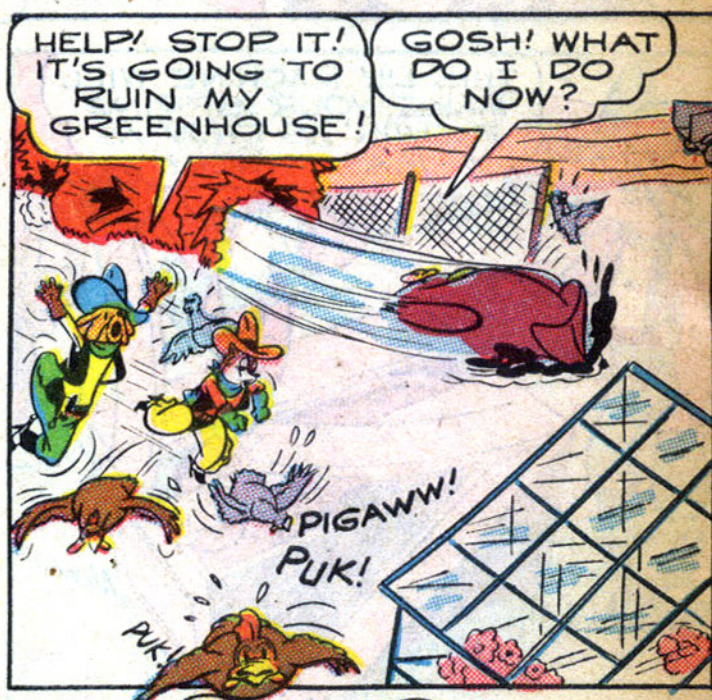
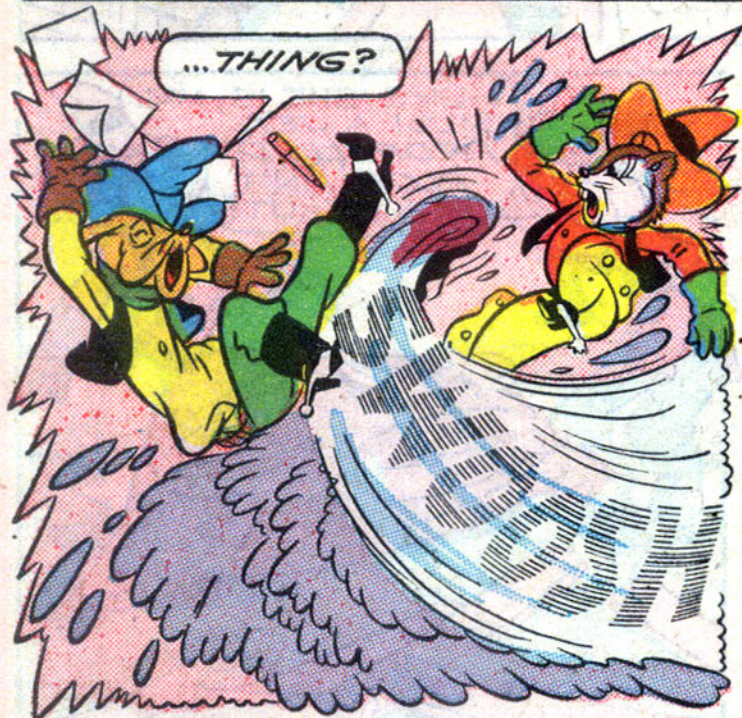
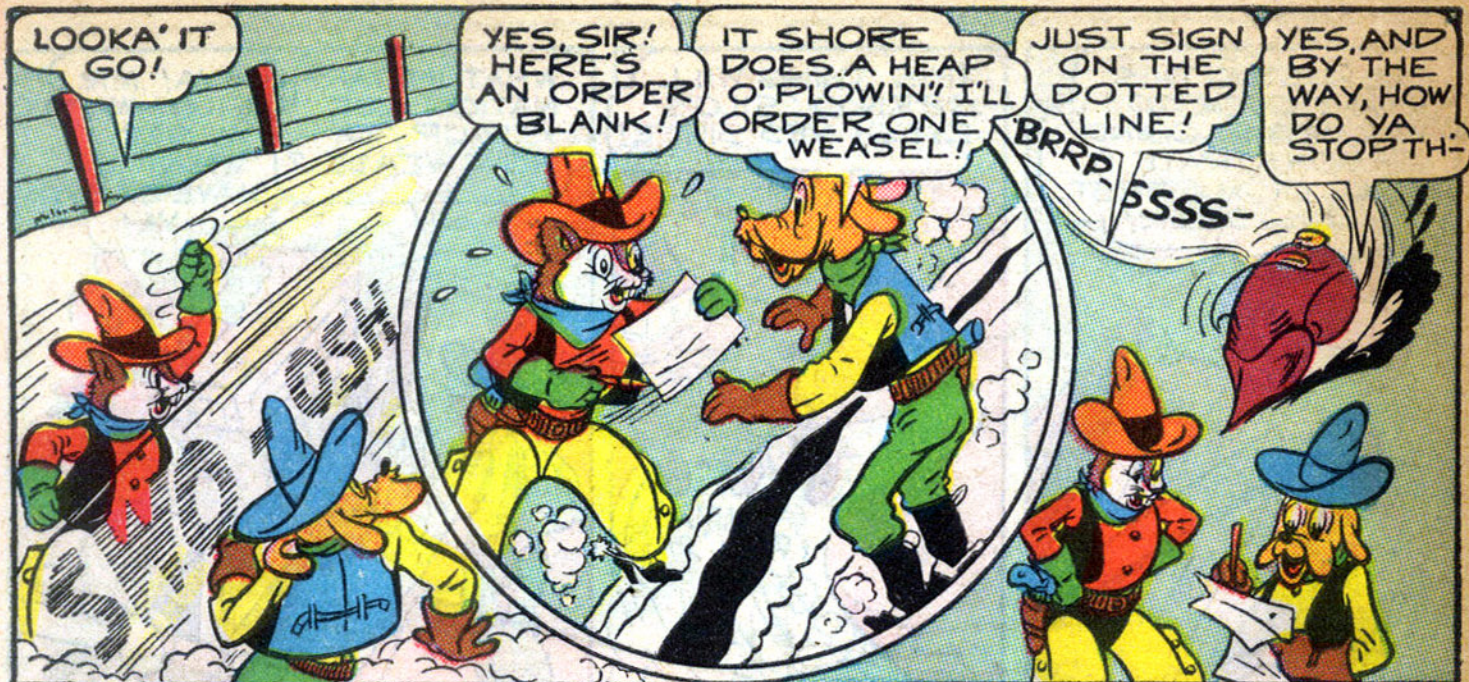
THAR SHE BE WEASEL!



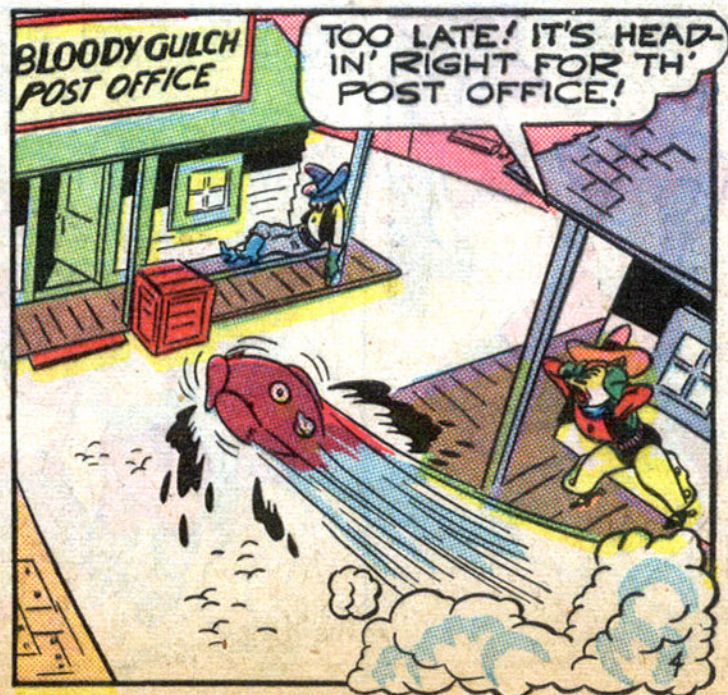
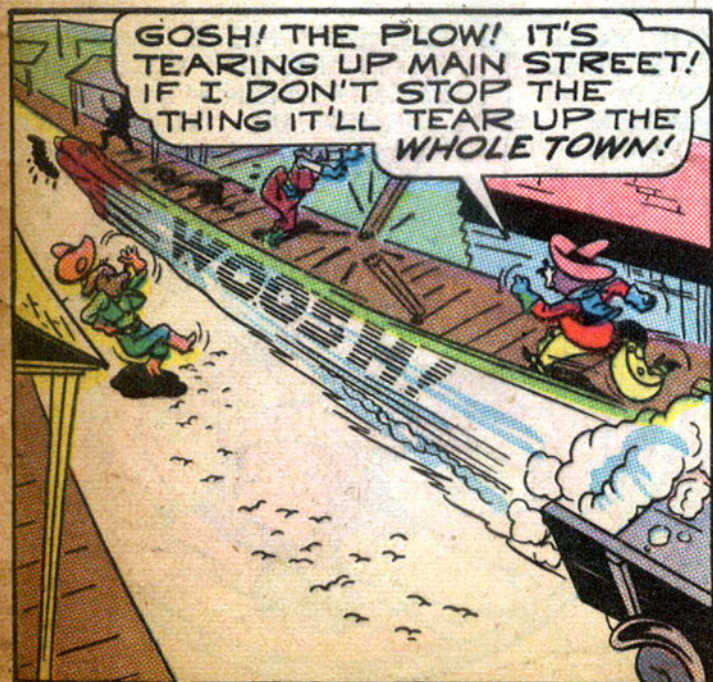
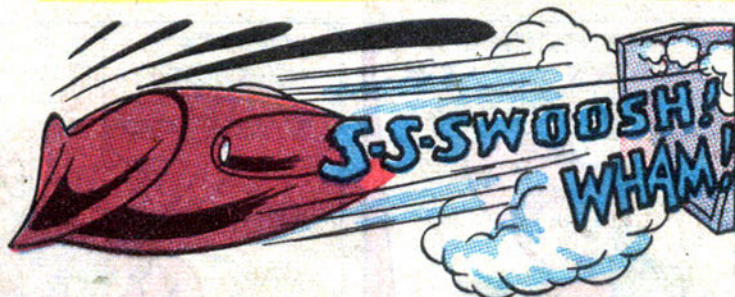
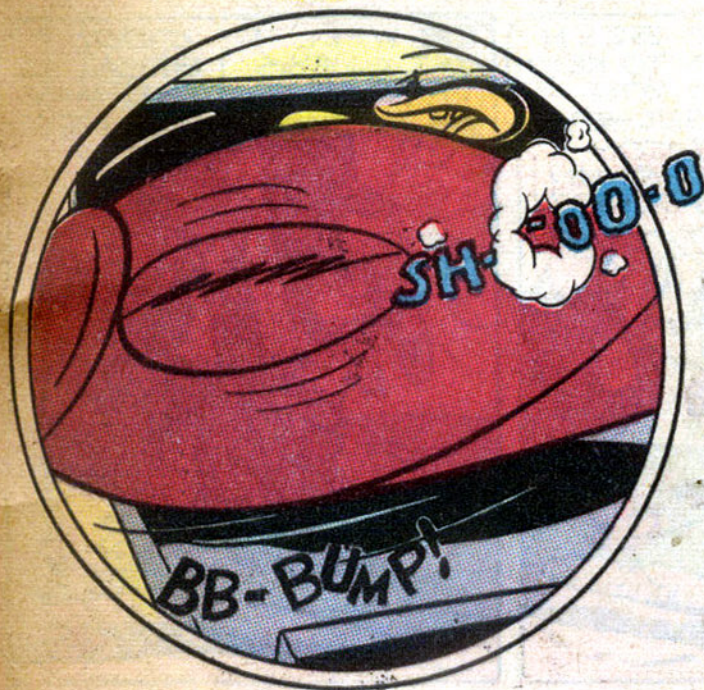
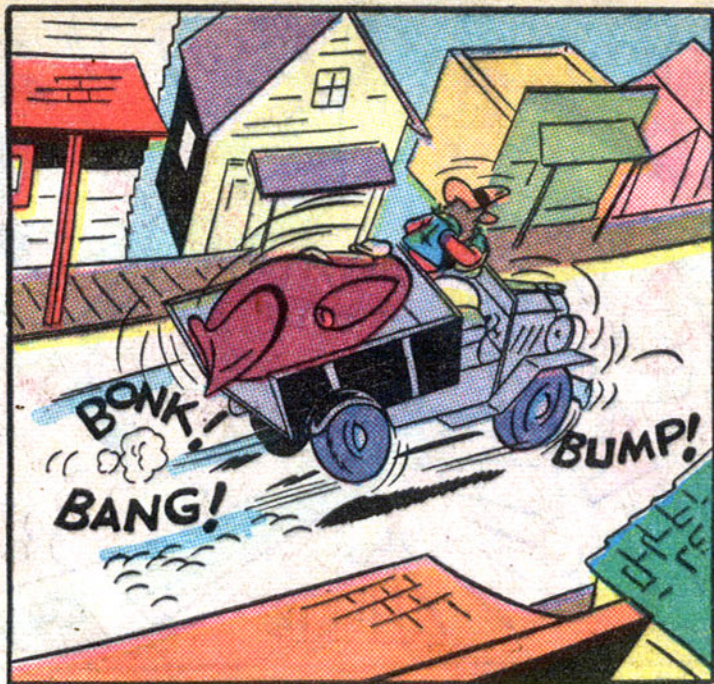
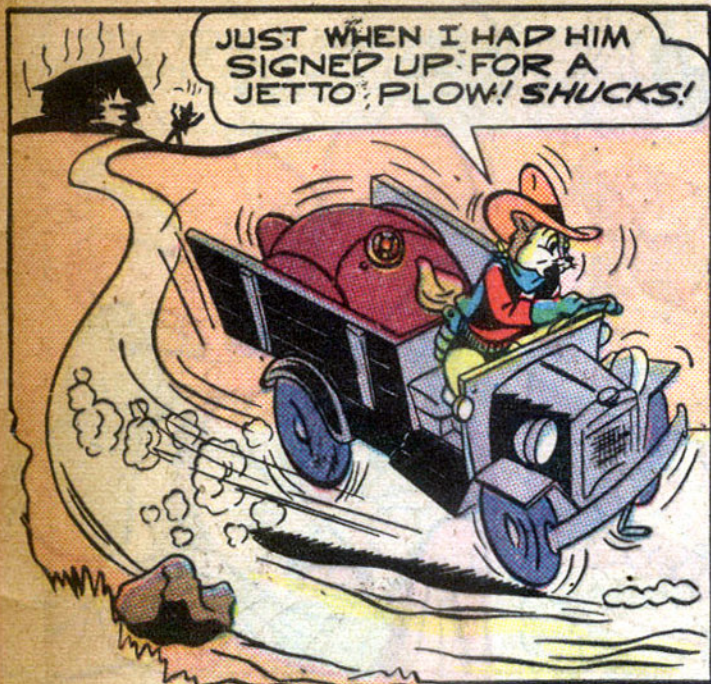




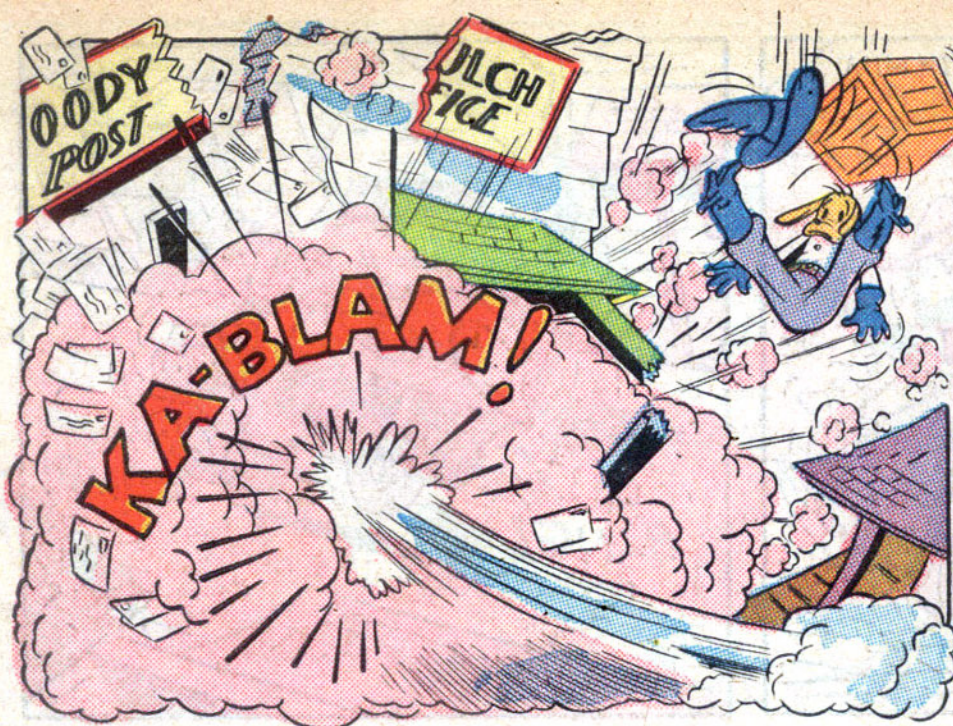




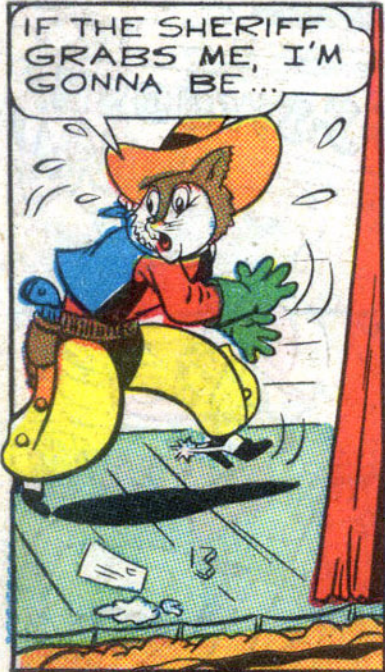




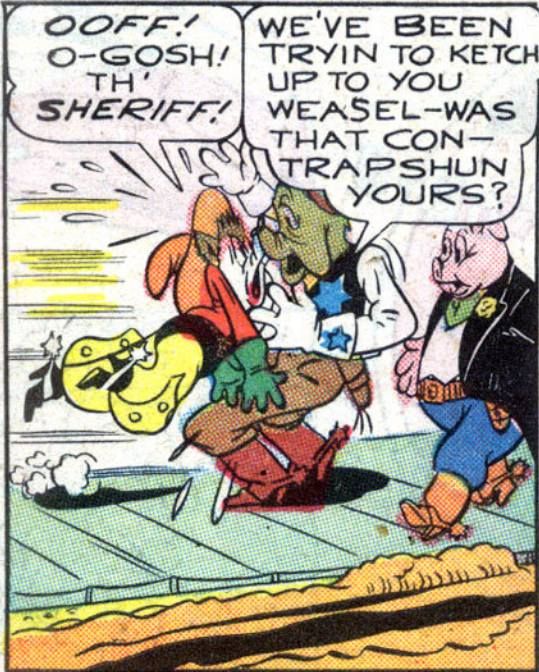




OH-H-H! I BETTER  
GET OUTTA HERE—  
FAST!

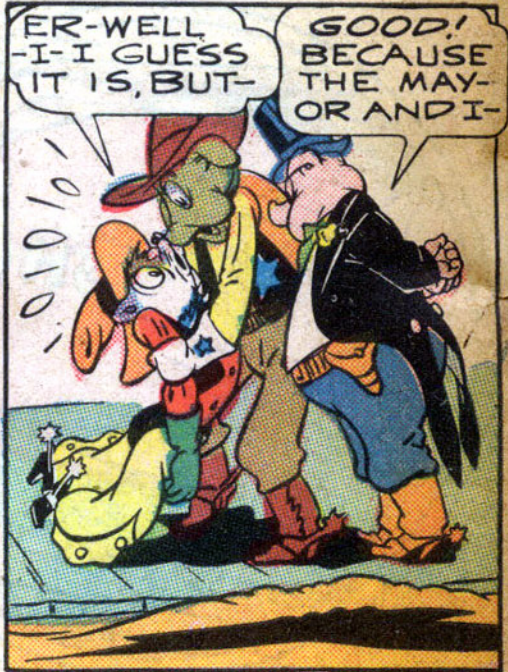


IF THE SHERIFF  
GRABS ME, I'M  
GONNA BE...



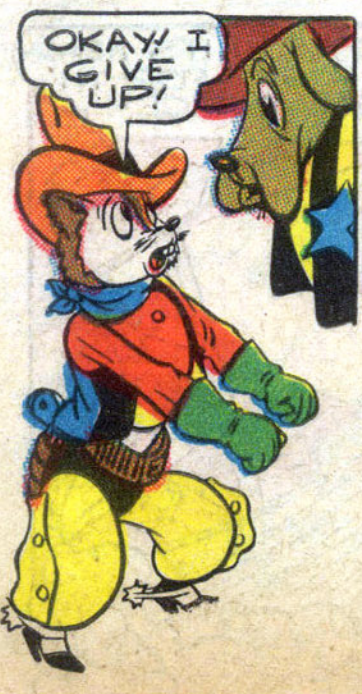
O-OFF!  
O-GOSH!  
TH'  
SHERIFF!

WE'VE BEEN  
TRYIN' TO KETCH  
UP TO YOU  
WEASEL-WAS  
THAT CON-  
TRAPSHUN  
YOURS?

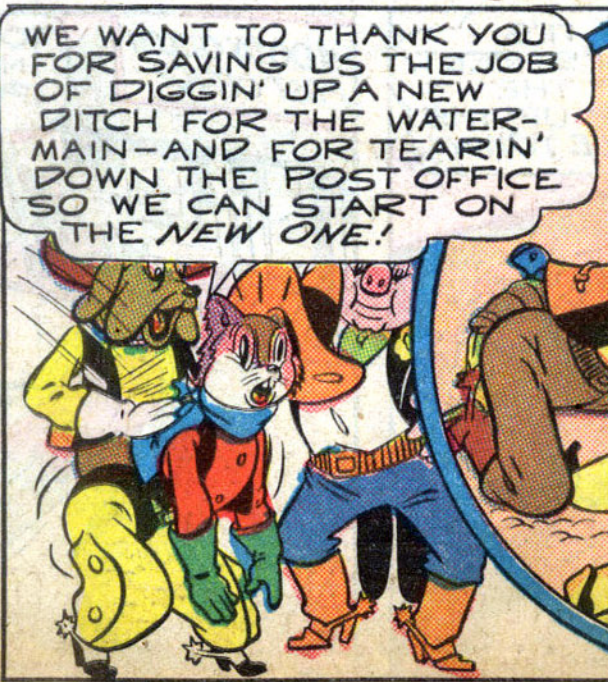


ER-WELL,  
I-I GUESS  
IT IS, BUT—

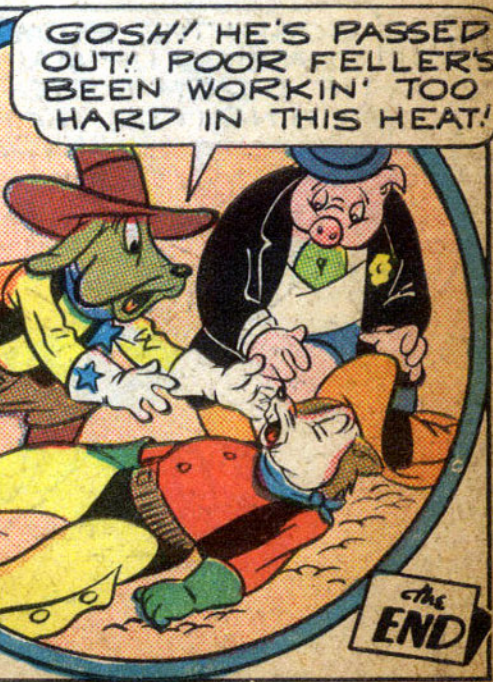
GOOD!  
BECAUSE  
THE MAY-  
OR AND I—



OKAY! I  
GIVE  
UP!



WE WANT TO THANK YOU  
FOR SAVING US THE JOB  
OF DIGGIN' UP A NEW  
DITCH FOR THE WATER-  
MAIN—AND FOR TEARIN'  
DOWN THE POST OFFICE  
SO WE CAN START ON  
THE NEW ONE!



GOSH! HE'S PASSED  
OUT! POOR FELLER'S  
BEEN WORKIN' TOO  
HARD IN THIS HEAT!

the  
END



Weazel thought hard. He'd outwit that fox. And now he could just about place where that stranger came from. He came out of the North! He'd heard a man talk like that in a movie, and he came from a county called Brooklyn. Well, that was a clue!

That night when everyone was having grub, Waggin' snuck up to the stranger's room. This was against ranch rules—but the critter was a crook! Waggin' looked through the Brooklyn man's pockets and the dresser drawers. He found nothing. Only an old card that read: "Good luck in the new job, dear. Come home soon!" No signature. Found nothin'! Why this proved it. The post-card said "new job"—the job that Acme wanted to be handed over to him!

At eight sharp, Waggin' was in Sheriff Cuckoo's office, explaining the whole situation.

"As I see it, Weazel, there isn't much evidence. There's a party under suspicion. Am I right? Am I?"

"I guess so, Sheriff. But what can I do to catch the coyote? He's stealing my job!"

"I'll go up to the ranch with yuh, son. We'll see if he shows his hand. I need somethin' concrete to proceed on. Somethin' concrete. Am I right?"

At the ranch, everyone was gathered in the main sitting room, talking. The stranger was there, and he was doing most of the saying. The Sheriff and Weazel sat down.

"I come up here to wait for my company. When they get here I got a job. Waited for five years for this opportunity. What a break! Looks like the old luck sign is on me at last! This is the pay-off!"

Weazel looked at the Sheriff.

"Uh, I don't want to be soundin' inquisitive son, but whut kind of work are yuh aimin' tuh do? Always like to know about new projects."

"Well, but, it's kinda secret stuff. Real hush-your-mouth business. You'll have the know-all when my company gets here."

Weazel looked hard at the Sheriff.

Then the conversation turned to other things—the chores for the next day on the ranch, and the coming Amateur night. Weazel got restless. He walked out into the night, leaving the Sheriff behind.

As he walked down the road he heard the zooming of a high-powered motor car. It whizzed up and came to a screeching stop. A man in city clothes leaned out of the roadster.

"I'm looking for a place called the Bar-None. Can you direct me?"

Weazel got on the running board and drove with them to the ranch. When the car stopped, Weazel asked the man excitedly:

"Are you from the Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.? If yuh are, ah'm the man yuh want, and that crook representative of yours is inside!"

"Why, no, I'm not with them at all. I am looking for a new man I had sent out here. I was told I could find him at the Bar-None."

They walked in to the sitting room and the Brooklyn man got up. "A.G.! Here I am! All delivered and drooling to take a flier at that new sharp job!"

The two men walked off to the corner and talked. Weazel told the Sheriff how the new visitor had denied any part of the Acme outfit. and yet knew the Brooklyn swindler.

Soon another car was heard driving up, and a crowd of people swarmed into the room. Their conversation overflowed with. "Darling!" "Isn't it too, too wonderful!" and many exclamations the like of which had rarely, if ever, been heard on the Bar-None. And the ladies wore silk stockings and the men had grease on their hair!

Ma Stomp came up and asked what they wanted. The first man in the car explained:

"We're making a new picture in your beautiful country, Madam, and we're going to be here for about two weeks. Think you can put us up?"

"Pitcher?" Ma asked. "Yuh mean the flicker stuff they got in town? You from Hollystone—or whatever it is?"

"Hollywood, ma'am. And this first boarder here is our new star, imported from New York. Name of the picture is "The Dream of Brooklyn"! Terrific! Colossal!"

Weazel went to bed without talking any further with the sheriff. The crowd talked and laughed most of the night.

Next morning, Ma Stomp knocked on the door and shoved a letter under. Waggin' read it:

Dear Sir:

Pursuant to our previous notice, this will introduce our representative, Mr. Rotts.

Sincerely,

Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.

The man wanted Weazel to be the first to invest one thousand dollars in a monument to be erected in memory of Sitting Bull. As a leading citizen, Weazel was the man they thought would start the campaign.

The leading citizen threw Mr. Rotts down the stairs.

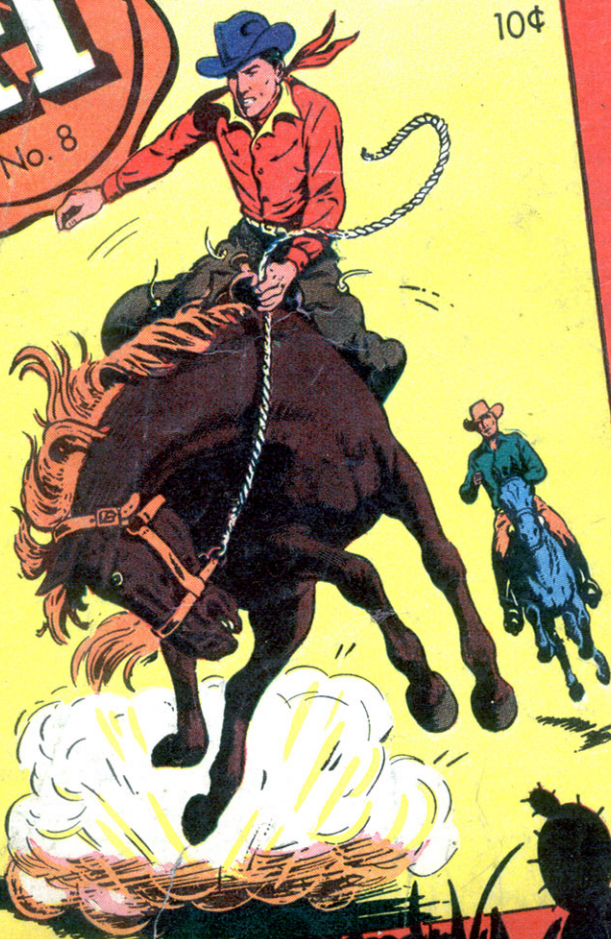


watch for  
the new **A-1** !

introducing —  
RODEO RYAN

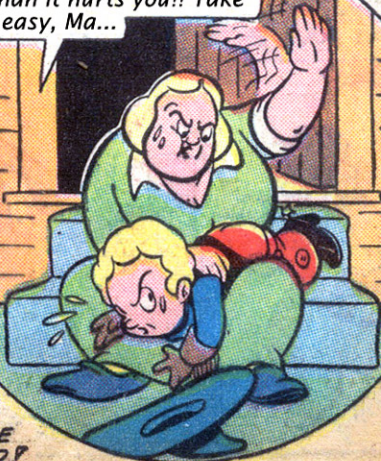
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**A-1**  
No. 8





**OWW!** This hurts me much more than it hurts you!! Take it easy, Ma...



HP gets  
it in **THE**  
**END!**